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THE HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD GUIDE.

26
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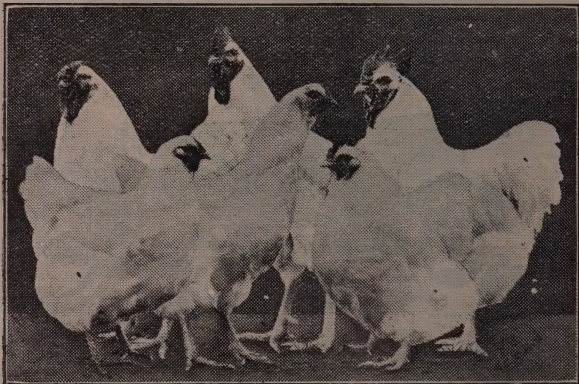
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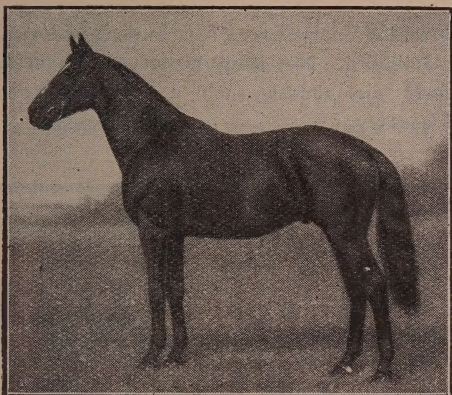
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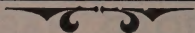
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE LATE
SIR ROBERT HUNTER,
AND CONTRIBUTIONS BY
MRS. T. P. NEWMAN AND OTHERS.

*MANY ILLUSTRATIONS, MAP OF THE DISTRICT,
AND SKETCH PLAN OF HASLEMERE.*

EIGHTH EDITION.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

As edition succeeds edition of this Guide, we have not only a gratifying testimony to its popularity and usefulness, but also welcome evidence of the fact that the attractions of Haslemere and Hindhead continue to appeal to an ever-increasing number of visitors. In this, the eighth edition, every endeavour has been made to bring the local information up to date, whilst the special features which in previous issues have been so much appreciated have been retained.

The 'introduction' by the late Sir Robert Hunter gives a delightful pen picture of Haslemere and its surroundings, whose charms, so far from becoming exhausted, grow upon one the closer one's acquaintance of them. Mrs. T. P. Newman and Mrs. Lyndon have kindly revised the very interesting chapter on the Meteorology of Haslemere, written by the late Mr. T. P. Newman, and other much appreciated features are Mrs. Newman's Notes on Haslemere Flora, a specially-contributed chapter on Haslemere Museum, and descriptions of some of the favourite walks in the district, together with a map. We have also to acknowledge the recognition by the Haslemere Urban District Council of this edition as the OFFICIAL GUIDE for the year 1916.

With a view to ensuring the greater usefulness of future editions the Editor will welcome any suggestions for the improvement of this Handbook, or any corrections. All communications should be addressed: Editor of the 'Haslemere Guide,' care of the 'Surrey Times,' Guildford.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to write a few lines by way of introduction to this little Guide-Book, which has already passed through several editions, and which is now presented to the public in an enlarged form.

My acquaintance with Haslemere has now extended over nearly a quarter of a century, and has covered that period of rapid change which is alluded to in the following pages. Like many other and more recent residents, I was attracted to Haslemere by the charms of the surrounding country, and I have great pleasure in very shortly prefacing by some general remarks the more detailed descriptions which are proper to a Guide-Book.

Haslemere lies in a niche of the great block of high land which culminates in the two ridges of Blackdown and Hindhead. From the next ridge to the north, above Hambledon, Blackdown and Hindhead are seen to form together one mass of upland, from which Grayswood Hill runs out as a spur; while from the southern side Blackdown, Moses Hill, and Marley rise together from the lower land. The whole of the town of Haslemere is between five and six hundred feet above sea-level (whereas the ridge at Witley is but three hundred), while Grayswood and Marley rise to some seven hundred feet, and Hindhead and Blackdown to about nine hundred.

Haslemere scenery is typical rather than unique. It is rich in the most characteristic and charming features of the lovely country which lies between London and the Channel. Through this country run from west to east, as everyone knows, two well-defined lines of chalk downs. The North Downs, commencing at Farnham, reach the sea at Dover, and the South Downs, assuming a definite shape somewhere near Portsmouth, terminate at Beachy Head. Between these ramparts of chalk, and generally near to them, rise a number of hills, like Hindhead and Blackdown,

composed of sand and sand-stone—geologists call it the lower green-sand formation. These hills usually extend in long ridges, more or less at right angles to the chalk downs, and rise very gently on one side, to fall rather abruptly on the other. Leith Hill, the whole outline of which can be seen from the hills round Haslemere on any moderately clear day, is at once the highest of these hills and a typical representative. Most of them are near neighbours of the North Downs, and have their steep face to the south. Hindhead and Blackdown are, I think, peculiar, in forming a comparatively isolated highland, almost equally distant from the two lines of Downs, and presenting a steep face (that of Hindhead) to the north, as well as another (that of Blackdown) to the south. Hence, there is a greater sense of space about the Haslemere scenery, and a greater variety, than in many of the other lovely places where sand and chalk lie close together.

That the country around Haslemere is of very varied character cannot be gainsaid. On Hindhead, and to the west of Hindhead, the prevailing note is that of heath and moorland, of long, gently sloping uplands falling away on either side to deep coombes and hollows, whence issue the many streamlets which, after windings innumerable, unite to form the Wey. Eastward, by way of contrast, narrow tortuous lanes, running between enclosed copse and meadow, and continually rising and falling, lead away into the great Weald, once a large oak forest covering considerable parts of three counties. Northward the ground falls from Hindhead and Grayswood, to rise again to the Ridge at Witley, and to the line of hills which stretch past Hambledon and Burgate to Hascombe—a beautiful district of sandy, furze-clad commons and chestnut copse, commanding wide views. But to the south and south-west is, perhaps, the prettiest driving country. The hills lie in charming confusion, and the roads take us from one point of view to another by way of quiet villages and picturesquely broken ground. The top of

Friday Hill, where the road runs through open country dotted with fine pines and the ground falls away suddenly to the south-west, is distinctly suggestive of an Alpine scene. It is difficult to say which is the more delightful, the view southward from Marley Common, where the smooth contours of the distant South Downs, in alternate light and shade under the westering sun, close a varied prospect of tree-clad hill and vale, or the view northward from Henley Hill, when, after a long climb, we look back across the Fernhurst Valley, to the heights of Blackdown and the woods of Moses Hill, sleeping in the mid-day heat. The drive to Midhurst is perhaps, on the whole, the most lovely eight miles in all the neighbourhood. Very different, but hardly less interesting, is the road to Selborne, where first the ups and downs of Linchmere Common, then the austere wildness of Wolmer Forest and Weaver's Down (now, alas! marred by the huts and accompaniments of a Camp), and then the neatness and whiteness of a chalk country, with its beech and clematis, follow in quick succession. Again, what is more beautiful in its way than Linchmere Village? — its little strip of village green and row of old oak and ash, the sudden fall of the road between high banks as soon as the Rectory and Church are passed, the quaint little Church, and, above all, the surprise of the view, across over-lapping hills and wooded hollows, from the Church porch.

The charm of the Haslemere country is closely connected with the existence of much open land. Almost in the centre of Haslemere is the steep and rugged slope of Shepherd's Hill Common, crowned by Mr. Penfold's Cottage Hospital. Five minutes' walk to the east is Haste Hill Common, the approach to Lythe Hill House, and to Lord Tennyson's Lane and Blackdown—a tangle of gorse and trees, which, with its two bright gravelled roads diverging and converging, is a prominent feature in many of the home views. On the western slope of Grayswood Hill is Grayswood Common, a remarkable fragment of lovely open wood-

land, here and there suggestive of the New Forest. Almost within call of Haslemere Station, on the Shottermill Road, is Clay Hill, and a little farther Lion Green : the first an extreme corner of the Commons of Thursley Parish, much curtailed by enclosures and disfigured with clay-digging, but still valuable as open ground, allowing a view of the hill side on the east; the second a recreation ground set out when the great enclosures of Frensham Parish were carried through. Farther afield are Marley and Linchmere Commons, and, beyond Liphook, a large expanse of open gorse-covered land. The crest and the southern slope of Blackdown are common. On the prettiest road to Hindhead, a short quarter of a mile from the Church, is Weydown Common, and on Hindhead itself are the Gibbet Hill, the Devil's Punch Bowl, and some seven hundred acres which have been spared by great enclosures, as well as the lovely common of Bramshott, on the long southern slope towards Liphook.

These commons cannot be said to be quite safe until they have been placed under local management. It is true that no enclosure of common land can at the present day be made without the consent of the Board of Agriculture. But, now that few cattle are actually turned out to graze, difficult questions often arise as to the existence of any common rights at all over land which everyone has always assumed to be common. Enclosures of open land have undoubtedly been made on Hindhead within the last twenty years; and building is now proceeding on Clay Hill. And enclosure, though the worst, is not the only danger. Excessive and ill-regulated gravel-digging does great harm; and the spread of fir trees often completely changes the character of a common, destroying all turf and undergrowth, and interfering with the views of the surrounding country. As buildings extend over acre after acre of enclosed land, every bit of open land becomes more valuable; and, if Haslemere is to retain anything of the beauty which has attracted so many residents and

visitors during the last twenty years, it should keep a wary eye on the commons of the neighbourhood, and lose no opportunity of putting them under some kind of public control.

And there are one or two beautiful spots in private ownership which Haslemere could very ill spare. One of the most delicious corners of the Hindhead country is Waggoner's Wells, the string of ponds which lie embowered in beech and birch, oak and pine, between two great shoulders of heath. Although common land descends on either side to within a stone's throw of the ponds, they are surrounded by an enclosure of a few acres. Happily, there is a public way on each side; but disputes have already arisen, and one of these ways has been fenced in. The purchase for the public, by the Local Authorities, or by some such body as the National Trust for Preserving Places of Interest or Beauty, of the ponds, and the small area of woodland surrounding them, would be an inestimable benefit to the neighbourhood.

With still greater emphasis may this be said of Hurt Hills. The wooded knolls which first catch the eye as we approach Haslemere from London by rail, and which form a central feature of the landscape from innumerable points of view, are private property, owned by Lord Derby, and apparently forming part of an ancient deer park, as their older name is Witley Park. It is well known that Lord Derby's Haslemere estates are in the market for building. If the fir-woods and chestnut copses of Hurt Hill were to be replaced by villas and gardens, one of the most characteristic features of Haslemere scenery would be irreparably marred.

Haslemere is the centre of a district which is rapidly growing in population and becoming one of the outer ring of London's suburbs. Improvements in traction, announced almost every day, may at any time lead to still more rapid developments. Such changes cannot but take something from the rural freshness and quiet

of the district; too often the increase of population means the destruction of all that originally drew a population to the spot. Let us hope that those who have been early settlers and who know and appreciate the charm of the Southern Highlands will do all in their power to prevent the unnecessary destruction of wood and common and hillside, and to preserve, for the enjoyment of all, that diversified loveliness which has made Haslemere and Hindhead names for all that is most attractive in the scenery of the Home Counties.

ROBERT HUNTER.

January, 1903.

NOTE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

When the foregoing lines were penned, it could hardly be foreseen that the next three years would be so eventful in relation to the Commons of Haslemere. To adopt the order of time—Clay Hill has been in part built over, and the road to Shottermill has suffered in consequence; there is now scarcely a break between the houses of the two parishes. A small portion of the Common has, however, been rescued and vested in the Parish Council as an open space. Clay Hill was in an exceptional position, having been reduced to private ownership, though not actually enclosed, some years ago; and under the circumstances probably no better arrangement could have been made.

A much more important step is the purchase of Hindhead. The common land on Hindhead, extending to about 750 acres, and comprising the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the Gibbet Hill (forbidding names for such beautiful places!), was, in October, 1905, put up for sale (in a separate lot) with the rest of the late Mr. Whittaker Wright's Lea Park Estate. At the suggestion of the Commons Preservation Society, a Committee was formed, and a guarantee fund established, to enable a bid to be made at the sale, and by the aid of the late Mrs. Thackeray Turner, of Godalming, who in the auction room offered to guarantee an additional £500, the

Commons were bought in the name of Mr. Methuen, on behalf of the Local Committee. It was subsequently decided to vest the Commons in the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, of which H.R.H. Princess Louise is President, and which holds, amongst other properties, some beautiful tracts of land in the Lake District; and an agreement has been made with that body which provides for the actual management of the Commons by a Local Committee. The total cost of the purchase amounts to about £3,800, and the whole of this amount, with the exception of about £200, has been raised without making any call upon the guarantors, most of whom, however, are amongst the largest contributors.

Hindhead is probably the best known of all the Surrey Hills. Its position on the main Portsmouth Road, which runs round the edge of the Punch Bowl and just under the summit of the hill (nearly 900 feet above the sea), makes it familiar to London, and particularly, in the present day, to motorists, while it is no exaggeration to say that Haslemere owes its popularity and its recent rapid growth to its proximity to the hill which Professor Tyndall praised. Not only the Gibbet Hill and the remarkable country below it, but all the adjacent common lands—the beautiful valley below the Punch Bowl, still absolutely secluded, and several out-lying tracts of common—have been now definitely preserved from enclosure and injury for all time, and the most remarkable piece of scenery in the neighbourhood of Haslemere is secured for the public.

For the rest, houses gradually creep up the hill sides and Haslemere continues to grow. But its heights and its hollows, its meadows, its woods, and its heaths are but little changed, and remain an unfailing source of health and pleasure to the ever-increasing numbers who resort to them.

R. H.

July, 1906.

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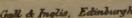
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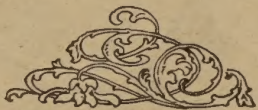
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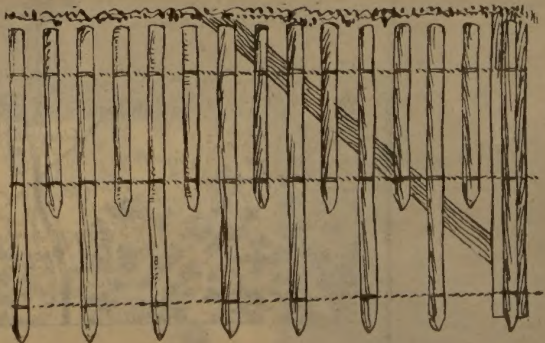
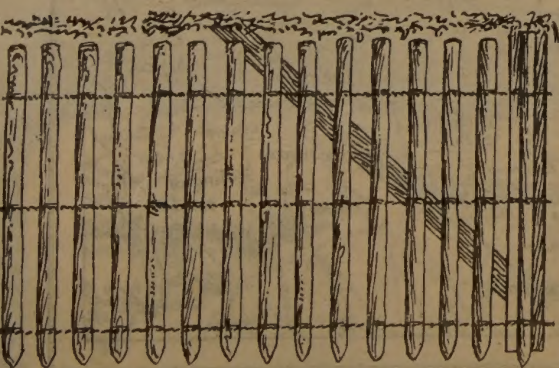
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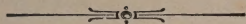
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HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD GUIDE.



I.—A FIRST GLANCE.

‘**N**OTHING prettier or more picturesque exists in England, south of the Peak or east of the Wilds of Dartmoor.’

So wrote the late Grant Allen, of the lovely district of which Haslemere and Hindhead are the recognised centres. And no one who explores this stretch of borderland, where Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire meet, will demur to this glowing praise. Hindhead, of course, is the best known, and, perhaps, the most potent of its attractions, for the hill not only affords one of the best views to be obtained in the south of England, but is itself full of varied beauty. And to Hindhead all sojourners and residents in all this south-west corner of Surrey are inevitably drawn sooner or later. But, though Hindhead is unquestionably the chief glory of these Surrey highlands, it by no means exhausts or monopolises the attractiveness of the district. Whether our starting point be the hill top, the adjacent village of Grayshott, or the old-world town of Haslemere, we have a wealth of lovely country at our very doors.

If we wish to spend our time chiefly upon the open moor, we shall make Grayshott or Hindhead our headquarters. If we wish to be in closer touch with the ‘Fold Country’ and the Weald, the lower wooded hills and the lovely sequestered lanes which lie at the base of the Hindhead range, we shall find Haslemere our most convenient centre. The subsequent pages of this Guide will, we hope, serve to make this point still

clearer. It is enough to note now that from either starting point we can enjoyably spend many hours and days in exploring a tract of country which justly ranks, as Grant Allen said, among the most picturesque in the south of England.

Rapid Development. Its recent development as a health-giving holiday resort has been almost phenomenally rapid. When Tennyson came to Blackdown, or George Eliot sojourned at Shottersmill, and even when Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall were house-building on Hindhead, Haslemere was still an old-world village-town, and Hindhead might almost be described as an open moor. Even thirty years ago, Haslemere itself, in its external aspect, remained much as it had been for a century or more. High Street, East Street, West Street, or Lower Street (now Station Road) constituted the town proper, and for years had been practically untouched by the builder.

On its immediate confines were many a quaint and modest cottage; farther afield could be found here and there picturesque old country houses scattered among the larger mansions which then, as now, adorn the neighbourhood.

But in the last three decades much has happened. The attractiveness of the Surrey highlands was gradually noised abroad. Busy workers in the world of thought sought rest in air which Tyndall declared to be as bracing as that of Switzerland. The nature lover and the seeker after health began to discover the charms of hill and moorland, known hitherto only to a select few; and the stream of visitors and residents increased from year to year.

Some Noted Names. Among them were men and women whose names are familiar wherever English art and letters reach. To quote from the interesting recollections of a former resident :

‘Mrs. Humphry Ward came and built herself a house, shortly after “Robert Elsmere” had electrified the theological section of

SKETCH PLAN OF HASLEMERE.

By Mr. HOWARD V. SNOOK, M.Inst.M. and Cy.E., Surveyor to the Haslemere Urban District Council.



WHERE TO STAY.

HASLEMERE.

"Ewhurst Lodge," Hill Road (*Apartments*); high situation; lovely views; away from motor traffic; bath; near Station and Church; good attendance and cooking.—MISS LITTLE.

"Fryleigh," Private Hotel (*Board Residence*); winter apartments; private sitting rooms; baths; nice garden; perfect sanitation; highest situation; south aspect; sandy subsoil.—MRS. W. A. HARRIS.

"Highfields" (*Boarding House*); 2 guineas to 3 guineas, according to season and rooms; modern sanitation; high bracing position; 700 feet above sea, commanding fine views; private sitting room if desired.—THE PROPRIETOR ('Phone, 130 Haslemere). Page ix.

"Laburnum House," Longdene Road (*Apartments*); 2 bed and 2 sitting rooms; indoor sanitation; splendid position; near Station, Church and P.O.—MRS. T. MAIDES.

"Oaklands" (*Boarding Establishment*); lovely private grounds; five minutes Church, P.O., Station; tennis; croquet; golf near; liberal table; home comforts; moderate terms.—MISSSES HOAR. Page v.

"The Rest," Hill Road (*Board Residence*); apartments in winter; pleasantly situated; 700 feet above sea level; exceptional comfort; highly recommended; terms from £2 2s. per week.—MISS KNIGHT, Proprietress.

"Thorlands" (*Private Hotel*); beautifully situated 700 feet above sea level; south aspect; croquet; liberal cuisine; separate tables; terms moderate; special terms for winter months.—MRS. R. F. BACKWELL ('Phone, 97 Haslemere). Page x.

WHERE TO STAY—continued.

HASLEMERE (continued)—

Swan Hotel.—The comforts of an old English Inn; very moderate charges. The Lounge and Billiard Rooms are the largest and best appointed generally in the town. Page 13.

Wheatsheaf Inn, Grayswood; well-furnished bedrooms and dining-room; charming gardens and views; near Blackdown and Devil's Punch Bowl; terms, 8/- per day.—THE MANAGER. Page viii.

HINDHEAD.

"Barna," (*Private Hotel*); beautifully situated 850 feet above sea level; near links; most comfortable; sunny south aspect; separate tables; electric light; tennis; Haslemere and Farnham Motors pass gates.—'Phone, 40 Hindhead; telegrams, "Barna," Hindhead.

"The Outlook," Churt Road, Hindhead (*Apartments*); bath, hot and cold; indoor sanitation; electric light; near links; south position; near P.O., Church; nice garden; terms moderate.—MISS MITCHELMORE.

"Wilton," Wood Road, Hindhead (*Board-Residence*); lofty situation commanding beautiful views; near links; large garden and sunny rooms; electric light; separate tables; Haslemere motor 'bus passes the door.—Proprietress, MISS BUNYARD.

English society ; here she wrote a part, at all events, of that still more striking novel, "David Grieve." Conan Doyle was a resident and a useful member of the cricket club for some time whilst his house on Hindhead was building. Lord Wolesley occupied the Manor House for nearly a whole year. Most of the recent works of Axel Haig have first seen light in his Haslemere home. For many summers in succession the quiet figure of Mrs. Allingham might have been seen painting in the High Street, or in a quiet corner by the chapel, from which she could paint one of those cottages she loved so well, but which from its sunken position often escapes notice. The greatest of violinists was often to be seen during his brother, Mr. Henry Joachim's lifetime ; and the brother followed the brother to his grave in Haslemere Churchyard. George Macdonald stayed for a time at Clammer Hill, which is just on the boundary of the parish. Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson has been a familiar figure at Haslemere through all these twelve years, and long before ; . . . and Walter Tyndale did many a good piece of local work before Messrs. Dowdeswell found him out.'

This list, long as it is, might easily be extended. But enough has been said to indicate the first stage in the growth of the Haslemere and Hindhead of to-day. Other causes were also at work. Improved railway facilities, and the fuller knowledge of the beauties of the country lying close at our doors, which motoring and cycling have brought, helped still further to promote the growth of which Haslemere and Hindhead now show such striking evidence.

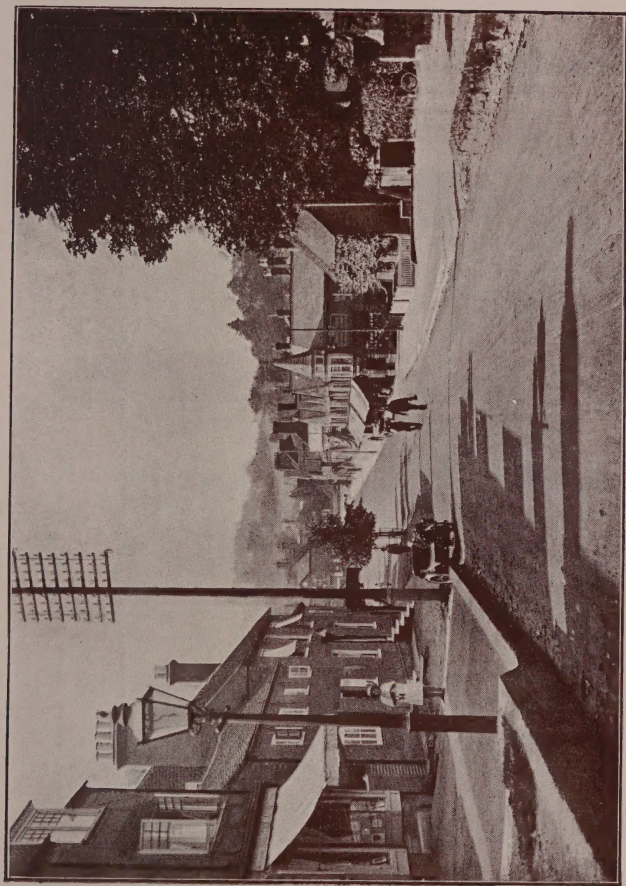
Landowner, builder and business man have all been active. Proofs of their enterprise meet us on every hand. Haslemere's High Street,

Recent Progress. with its commodious shops, has gained something of the character of the modern marketing thoroughfare. New estates have been and are being opened up. Many old cottages have been transformed, with little loss of the picturesque, into commodious dwellings. To this happy result the architectural skill of the late Mr. J. W. Penfold contributed in no small measure. On the hill sides, in all directions, attractive residences have been erected. Hindhead, with its ever-growing clusters of residences on and near the hill top, with its large

modern hotels, supplementing the increased accommodation of the rebuilt Royal Huts Inn, and with its group of shops at the cross roads, tells the same story. And Grayshott may be almost said to owe its very existence to the steadily augmenting holiday population, yearly attracted to the moorlands of the Surrey and Hampshire border.

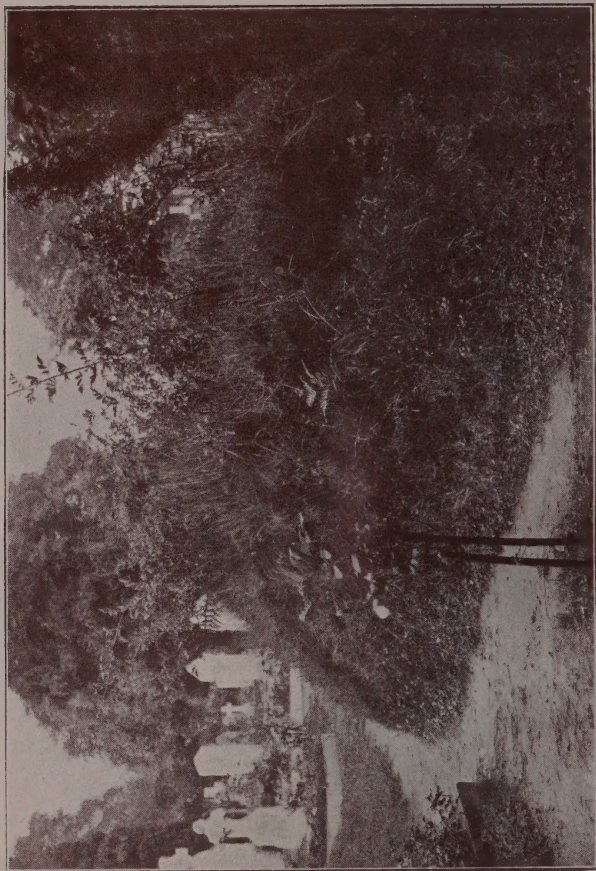
And yet, especially in Haslemere itself, much still remains, as we shall presently see, to recall or suggest the old days, when the passage of the Chichester coach through the town was virtually the only incident which ordinarily ruffled the perfect calm of a somewhat sleepy and monotonous daily life.





HIGH STREET, HASLEMERE.

Photo by Corin, Haslemere.



TYNDALL'S GRAVE.

Photo by Corin, Haslemere.

II.—HASLEMERE IN BYGONE DAYS.

BEFORE we go farther afield a few words should be said as to Haslemere in bygone days. For, though the district is not particularly rich in antiquarian and historical associations, its records have some features of interest.

Tradition asserts that the hills to the south of the town were once occupied by a large settlement—with no less than seven churches — which was, however, destroyed by the Danes. But in support of this conjecture no evidence whatever can be produced, and the first verifiable fact in the history of the town is that it was included in the royal manor of Godalming, given to the Bishop of Salisbury by Henry II. in 1185. While the greater part of the parish still belongs to this manor, there is also a smaller 'Manor of Haslemere,' known as the 'Borough Manor,' the boundaries of which correspond with those of the old borough.

There is good reason for believing that Haslemere first came into note in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. We know that in 1393

A Parliamentary Borough. the Bishop of Salisbury procured a charter from Richard II. granting the town the right to hold a weekly market and an annual fair. But in the lapse of years, after a period of prosperity, the place seems to have fallen on evil days. In 1596 we find Queen Elizabeth granting a fresh charter, in which it was set forth that the Borough was

'very ancient and populous, and that the burgesses or inhabitants thereof had sent two burgesses to Parliament from time whereof the memory of man was not to the contrary, at their own costs, and had borne other heavy burdens for the maintenance and the preservation of the said borough or town.'

but that, as the market and fair were no longer held, the inhabitants were reduced to great poverty. In

view of these considerations Elizabeth renewed the former grant, and ordered a second fair to be held, the tolls and profits to be applied to the support and relief of the poor burgesses.

The phrase in which Elizabeth alludes to Haslemere's Parliamentary representation from time immemorial must not, however, be taken too literally. In his volume on 'Old Cottage Architecture in South West Surrey' (1889) Mr. Ralph Nevill, in his notes on Haslemere, wrote :

'I have found one return previous to this date in the rolls of Parliament. This is for 1584, when Christopher and Miles Rythe, of Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, were returned. Most of the rolls from Edward IV. to Edward VI. were lost, and it is possible Haslemere may have returned members to some of these Parliaments; but it is far more likely that the privilege was conferred at this time for packing the House with men on whose votes Burleigh could rely. The manor and borough of Haslemere at this time belonged to Sir William More, of Loseley, a trusted servant of the Queen.'

In similar strain, Mr. H. E. Malden, in his 'History of Surrey,' says :

'The Queen meant to express her desire that they (the burgesses) should be represented. The Tudor Sovereigns were in the habit of creating small boroughs lavishly in order to fortify their influence in the Lower House. Haslemere may be fairly taken as an example, and not so bad a case as some.'

Later on still, Haslemere again had cause for complaint. The provisions of the Elizabethan charter were not properly carried out, and, as

The Market Tolls.

the result of an inquisition held at Farnham in 1662, the old trustees were superseded, and the collection and management of the tolls were vested in Sir William More as Lord of the Manor of Godalming. A relic of these days can still be noticed in the almshouses on the Petworth Road, which bear an inscription to the effect that

The Tolle House was erected in ye yeare 1676 for the habitation of decayed inhabitants of the neighbour borough out of the proffitts of the tolles of the markt of the said borough by the care and oversight of James Gresham, Esq.'

Silk weaving was at one time a local industry in Haslemere—the land near Church Road, through which the railway runs, was once known as ‘Silkshop Mead’—and crape was also manufactured in the town 80 or 100 years ago. But of these industries, as well as of the market, all traces have now practically vanished, though ‘Fair Day’ is still celebrated in a fashion on May 13th and September 25th, on Clay Hill.

To return, however, to the political history of the borough. Some few details have come down to us of election episodes in the seventeenth century, in which, on two occasions, the Bailiff of Haslemere, as the returning officer, was in trouble, and was summoned before the bar of the House of Commons to answer for his misdoings. But on these incidents we need not dwell. There can, however, be no doubt as to the fierceness of the political struggles witnessed in Haslemere in the latter days of the eighteenth century. We get a glimpse of this strife in some doggerel verses well known locally, and entitled ‘The Cow of Haslemere.’ For some years the town had been represented by General Oglethorpe and Mr. Peter Burrell, despite repeated and strenuous attacks by the Molyneuxes, of Loseley. In 1752 their opponents were Mr. John More Molyneux and a London solicitor, Mr. Philip Cataret Webb, who set to work with great determination to capture the seat. They ousted the bailiff and steward from their positions, and substituted nominees of their own, and then proceeded to manufacture ‘faggot’ votes by splitting up the freeholds in their possession in the borough, and nominally conveying the divided portions among their own supporters. In this fashion the ‘Cow’ public-house in East Street, then Cow Street, was made to provide no less than eight votes. These devices were successful, and Messrs. More Molyneux and Webb were returned by 73 votes to 45.

The episode attracted a good deal of attention. It was dealt with at length in one of the London newspapers of the day, the ‘St. James’ Evening Post,’ and

it was celebrated by one ingenious rhymester in the election squib of which mention has been made. The verses are too long for quotation here; it is enough to cite the concluding lines :

‘ As long as wretches
Shall for riches
Swear falsely without fear,
Each corrupt Moor
Shall remember
The Cow of Haslemere.’

General Oglethorpe, who suffered defeat on this occasion, was the most distinguished member the borough ever had. The son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, of Westbrook, Godalming—who himself sat for Haslemere for a short period—he served as a young man on the Continent under Prince Eugene, and took part in the siege of Belgrade. Later on in life Oglethorpe distinguished himself as a practical philanthropist imbued with ideas in advance of his time.

The scheme with which his name is chiefly connected aimed at founding in America a colony where the debtors who were suffering the miseries of English prisons might make a fresh start in life. Oglethorpe’s enthusiasm elicited influential support for his project. From George II. he obtained a grant of land, commemorated in the name of the State now known as Georgia; Parliament contributed £10,000 towards the expense of founding the colony. In 1733, the first party of emigrants, numbering some one hundred and thirty persons, left with Oglethorpe for the New World. Two years later they were joined by three hundred more, among whom were the two Wesleys. This, of course, is not the place to trace the history of this bold colonising experiment. It is enough to say that, after many vicissitudes, Oglethorpe finally left the colony in 1743 in order to rebut the unfounded charges of one of

his officers. His philanthropic efforts had won a tribute from Pope :

One driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole.

On his return to England, Oglethorpe maintained a close friendship with Johnson, and, as readers of Boswell will remember, his name figures several times in the record of the great Doctor's conversations. Lecky writes of him as a very remarkable man, whose long life of ninety-six years was crowded with picturesque incidents and with the most varied and active benevolence.

Mr. Peter Burrell, who had been General Oglethorpe's Parliamentary colleague for so many years prior to the defeat of 1752, was a man of considerable property. Besides estates in Kent and Sussex, he owned the Church Hill Estate and other land in Haslemere. His grandson afterwards sat for the borough, and was created Lord Gwydir.

Some Haslemere M.P.'S.

Mr. J. More Molyneux represented the borough from 1752 until his death in 1759, at the early age of 36. A tablet to his memory in the Parish Church assures us that

'he fulfilled the important trust his constituents were pleased to repose upon him with Spirit, Assiduity, Pleasure and Fidelity, and died Confessedly a Promising Ornament of his Family and Country.'

His colleague, Mr. P. C. Webb, continued to be one of Haslemere's M.P.'s until 1768—two years before his death—and then General Oglethorpe once more sought to regain the seat. He and Johnson were, however, beaten by Messrs. Molyneux and Wm. Burrell by 71 votes to 48.

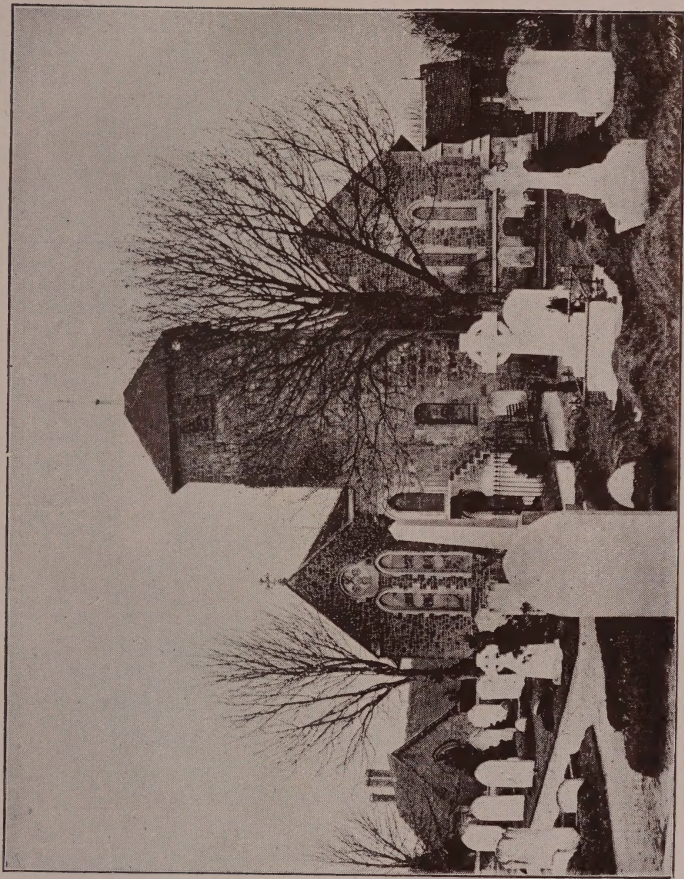
Thirty years after the great fight in which 'The Cow' figured, Haslemere became a 'pocket borough' of Lord Lonsdale, who bought the Manor and many of the freeholds within the constituency. In strict con-

formity with the political customs of those 'good old days' he was wont to convey these freeholds to his supporters while an election was in progress, allowing the temporary holders 10s. a week. Cobbett naturally had much to say of Haslemere in this connection which was not complimentary. In his terse phrase it was a 'sinkhole of a borough.' To the state of things which permitted a village with a population of a few hundreds to send two members to Parliament, the first Reform Act, of course, put an end. Haslemere, with its handful of 'free and independent electors,' lost its status as a Parliamentary borough, and, omitting all reference to intermediate changes, is now merged, for Parliamentary purposes, in the South-West division of Surrey.

A slight sketch of the town a century since is to be found in a description of it contributed by an anonymous correspondent to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1802. In the course of **A Hundred Years Ago.** his notes the writer says:

'There is no parsonage-house, the church being only a chapel-of-ease to the mother church of Chiddingfold, four miles distant. Some years past there was but one family in the town but were members of the Established Church; lately the Methodists have gained ground in a rapid manner. . . . The Rev. Mr. Fielding has built a large handsome house near the town, in a bleak situation but commanding a most extensive prospect. The town stands on the Portsmouth and Chichester Roads, and contains only one regular street, having a gentle rise to the north. Many of the buildings are old and mean, but the situation is dry, clean and pleasant. There are small remains of the woollen manufactory, many of the poor in the town and neighbourhood being employed in spinning yarn for shalloons, stockings, etc. There is also a small manufactory of hallown turnery, and another of marble paper; and about one mile west of the town are large paper manufactures, justly famous for the goodness of their paper. The town and hills in its vicinity command most extensive and beautiful views; but the soil is sandy, poor and barren.'

With the decay of the old coaching service in the first half of the nineteenth century Haslemere speedily sank into somnolence. The first necessary step to brighter



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, HASLEMERE.

Photo by West, Godalming.



THE TENNYSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

Photo by West, Godalming.

days was provided when direct railway communication with London and Portsmouth was established in 1859. But, as we have already seen, it was not until the eighties that it began to enter upon the far more vigorous existence as a health-giving holiday resort and residential centre which it unquestionably enjoys to-day.



III.—HASLEMERE TO-DAY.

IF we stroll together for a short while in and around Haslemere, before exploring its environs, we can hardly fail to be struck by the blending of the old and the new, which so often meets our eyes elsewhere in Surrey. To a very large extent the Haslemere of to-day—it is obvious almost at a glance—has both grafted itself upon and surrounded the Haslemere of by-gone days, of which we have just been speaking.

Lying in the upland valley, 500 or 600 feet above sea level, between Hindhead and Blackdown, the town grew up originally on the main road from Godalming, through Midhurst, to Chichester; and for the cyclist and the motorist this road is, of course, still the main approach from the north. The South-Western railway from Waterloo, Guildford and Godalming runs parallel to this road, but half a mile to the west of it, for some distance before reaching Haslemere, and the traveller finds that Haslemere Station is situated in Station Road, and is about the same distance from the centre of the town.

Whether, however, we have journeyed hither by road or rail, let us make the north end of the High Street our starting point for the purposes of this particular ramble. The road drops a little to the south. But still we are on fairly high ground — nearly 600 feet above sea level. Moreover, we are on the watershed of the district. As White, of Selborne, puts it, the springs of the district contribute water to the two seas—the Atlantic and the German Oceans. In other words, the rivulets on the west of High Street help to feed the Wey; on the east the flow is towards Sussex and the Arun. As we stand and glance southwards, the width of the thoroughfare almost inevitably recalls the High Streets of Epsom and Dorking. But the open space was not always as free and unencumbered as it is to-day. Until a century ago part of it was occupied

by the old market house, which stood nearly opposite the White Horse Inn. Built of timber, with gables, there were shops around it. In front were the stocks, and a little farther down the pillory. The present *Market House* is known as the Town Hall, and here the monthly meetings of the Urban District Council take place. It was erected in 1804, and for some years did duty as an infants' schoolroom.

As we glance down the wide main street, we observe that the Swan Inn faces the 'White Horse,' which still retains the garb of an old-fashioned country hostelry, and in the summer months charms the eye with its bright display of flowers. On the west side we notice the *Working Men's Institute* (built and given to the town in 1886 by the late Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson), whilst on the opposite side of the road a modernised house, now occupied as a business establishment, claims some history. Years ago it contained the remains of a stained-glass window, bearing the device of Henry VII.: and, from this and other circumstances, it is conjectured that the house was used as a hostelry by that king in his progresses southwards.

West Street, a thoroughfare on the right, contains the commodious and solidly built *Post Office*, and the Fire Station, and leads to the *Haslemere Hall*, a large building recently erected in the early Georgian style, and which is used for public meetings, concerts, etc. In West Street also are the offices of Mr. A. G. Whitcher and Mr. H. V. Snook, the clerk and surveyor respectively of the Urban Council; a site for a new Police Station; and the Schools, which are occasionally used for public meetings, etc.

Returning to High Street we notice that, at the south end of the town, is the large square-built, three-storeyed house, long known as Town House. Here that veteran artist, Mr. J. W. Whymper, made his home for forty years or more. And here, long before Mr. Whymper's days, resided General Oglethorpe, Dr. Johnson's friend, of whose political connection with Haslemere,

ere Reform had robbed the borough of its Parliamentary rights, we have already had something to say.

Before sauntering down the High Street, let us, however, turn to the right along the lane which leads to Church Hill and the *Parish Church*. We shall find the church, which is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, picturesquely placed on a well-wooded knoll, a few yards from the railway at the point where the line reaches the summit of the stiff climb from Witley Station.

The original church was consecrated as a chapel of ease to the mother church of St. Mary, Chiddingfold, in accordance with a faculty issued by

The Parish Church. Bishop William Edyndon on June 3rd, 1363, from his palace at Wolvesey, Winchester, and addressed to Thomas

Quarreour, the then Rector of Chiddingfold-cum-Haslemere, and the principal inhabitants of the two parishes. In 1871, however, to meet the changed requirements of the neighbourhood, the edifice was entirely taken down and rebuilt, with the exception of a small portion of the wall of the north aisle and the tower. The character of the old church was, nevertheless, preserved where possible, and the roof over the nave and that of the porch, which are both good specimens of the work of the period, have been replaced as they were before with such few repairs and additions as were found absolutely necessary. A chancel was added to the church, the north aisle lengthened at both ends, and the tower—which was formerly the vestry—thrown open to the church, and a new vestry was added, adjoining the chancel. By this means accommodation was provided for seating upwards of 400 people, without resort to the use of unsightly galleries, such as previously encumbered the church. Following the style of the old building the ‘Early English’ has been adhered to throughout, with the exception of such parts of the timbering and woodwork of a later date, which were restored, and some other woodwork designed to correspond.

The reredos mosaic in the centre is executed in gold and colour, and on each side of the holy table the wall is faced with Devonshire and other marbles; the shafts of the three-light window at the east end being in Purbeck marble. Devonshire marble has also been used in the columns of the chancel arch, and in the very handsome font executed in various coloured marbles and placed near the south or principal entrance. The pulpit is of stone on marble columns. The chancel stalls for the choir are of carved oak, as also is the open screen which separates the organ chamber from the north aisle. The work of rebuilding the church, which occupied exactly one year, was carried out in accordance with the designs and under the superintendence of the late Mr. J. W. Penfold, of Great George Street, Westminster, whose family, as a memorial in the church reminds us, have been resident in Haslemere for very many years.

In addition, most of the fittings of the church were special gifts. Amongst them may be mentioned the

Some Generous Gifts.

organ, built by Hill; oak screen; carved marble shafts to east window, the late Mr. J. S. Hodgson; font of Devonshire marble, the late Mrs. Stewart Hodgson; reredos in marble, mosaics and carved stone; pair of carved oak altar chairs, relatives and friends of the Rector; pulpit of stone and marble, friends of the Rev. H. Candy; altar rails and marble shafts to chancel arch, the Misses Gibson; oak for chancel stalls, Mr. Allen Chandler; brass corona, Mrs. Etheridge; oak altar table, Mrs. Etheridge's nurse. Subsequently, the windows of the chancel were filled with stained glass at the expense of Mr. Hodgson, who also gave the Transfiguration window, and the small three-light window over the organ.

More recent gifts include a window, presented by Mrs. Etheridge, in memory of her sister, Miss Fitzmaurice, containing two figures of Faith and Hope taken from the Sir Joshua Reynolds window in the ante-

chapel of New College, Oxford ; and also a very handsome piece of embroidery, which was placed in the panels of the organ screen in the year 1905, consisting of groups of praising angels. This was designed, worked and given by ladies of Haslemere.

The church was reconsecrated and opened for public worship on July 28th, 1871, by Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, of Winchester, who preached a remarkable and characteristic sermon on the occasion from the text, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, henceforth and for ever.'

In 1888 the church was further enlarged by the addition of the south aisle, when a further enlargement of the vestry was also made, and the north porch added at a total cost of about £1,500. The church was reopened on St. Michael and All Angels' Day, 1888, by Bishop Harold Browne, of Winchester. A new peal of bells was hung in 1882 at a cost of about £400.

On entering by the south door the visitor will at once notice the Tennyson memorial window, erected by a

The Tennyson Memorial.

number of the parishioners, who described themselves as the late Poet Laureate's 'friends and neighbours.' Called 'The Attainment,' the window, which was unveiled in August, 1899, is an adaptation of a design by the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, and represents Sir Galahad at the little chapel when the vision of the Holy Grail first comes to him. Behind him stands one of the Grail angels with a silver plate and a spear in his hands; in the little chapel is seen the Holy Grail on a shrine, beside which an angel kneels. Above is a crimson cloth, which is represented as having been removed from the Holy Grail, and from which some drops of blood are falling. Upon the window are the lines :

I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine;
And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere.'

The inscription beneath reads as follows :

‘To the glory of GOD and in memory of Alfred, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, 1850-1892.’

And below is a tablet with this inscription :

‘In memory of
Alfred, LORD TENNYSON, Poet Laureate.
In thankfulness for the music of his words
And for that yet more excellent gift, whereby,
Being himself schooled by love and sorrow,
He had power to confirm in the hearts of many
Their faith in the things that are not seen,
Their hope of immortality;
In praise of GOD, the Inspirer of Prophet and
Of Poet, this window is dedicated
By some friends and neighbours at Haslemere.’

Several other memorials also claim attention. On the chancel arch is a brass inscribed as follows :

‘V.R.
In commemoration of the sixtieth year of
Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA’S reign,
This tablet is dedicated to the glory of ALMIGHTY GOD
In grateful remembrance of His many mercies
To the nation during those sixty years,
20th June, 1897.’

Conspicuous on the south wall of the chancel is an extremely beautiful memorial in alabaster, to the late Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson, to whom both Haslemere and its church owe lasting gratitude for many generous benefactions. It sprang from a desire on the part of his widow that his name should not be forgotten in the parish which had profited so much by his enlightened liberality. An endeavour was made to reflect Mr. Hodgson’s deeply religious character. Three angels, as it were floating, bear a tablet on which are written simply the name and dates. A broad moulding, forming the lower side of the frame, carries the following inscription :

‘He was the youngest son of John Hodgson, of Hampstead, and Caroline Delamain, of Jarnac, France.

‘Coming to Haslemere in 1864, he built Lythe Hill, where he spent nearly 30 happy years. He left in 1894, and during the remainder of his life made himself a new home at the Manor House. The memory of his generosity and benevolence should

not die, even when those who remember his personal charm have passed away. He was an eminently loveable man.'

The whole is in Derbyshire alabaster, and every advantage is taken of the varieties of colour afforded by that beautiful material. It was designed and carried out by Mr. Hodgson's lifelong friend, Mr. S. P. Cockerell, assisted by Mr. A. Fabbrucci. The figures are 4ft. 9in. in height, and the whole is about 8ft. by 6ft.

Another window which claims special notice is the Penfold window at the west end of the south aisle. The tablet beneath records facts of so much interest that it may well be reproduced verbatim :

'This window is erected to the Glory of God and in loving memory of John Wornham Penfold, who died December 11th, 1873, aged 84, and of Mary, his wife, who died April 17th, 1872, and who were both here baptised, and rest in the adjoining churchyard.

'The following members of the same family are also buried in this churchyard :

Francis Penfold, obit November, 1708, æt. 85.

Katherine, his wife, obit June 16, 1706.

Francis Penfold, son of the above, obit Jan., 1691-2, æt. 40.

Francis Penfold, son of the above, obit September, 1710, æt. 27.

Ann, his wife, obit June 4, 1761.

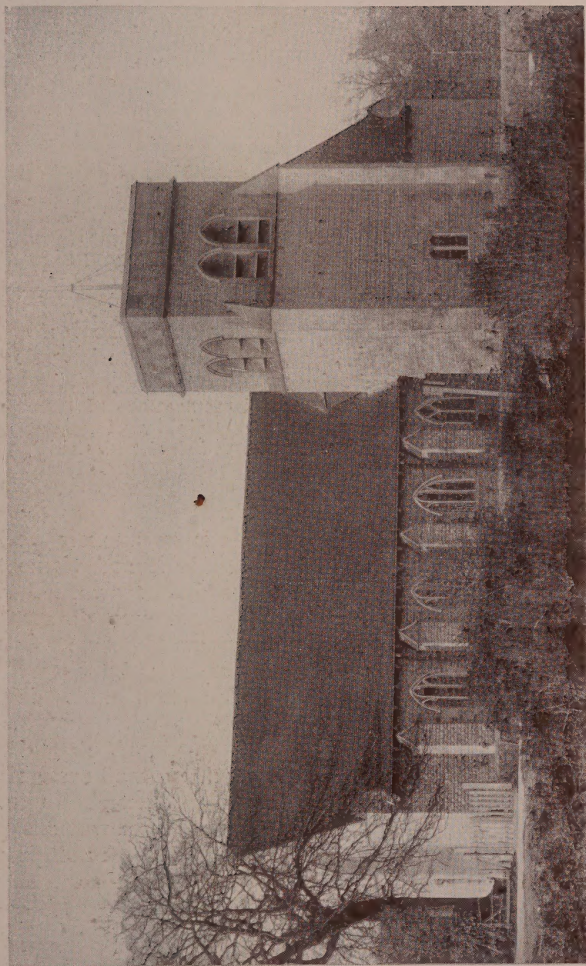
Francis Penfold, his son, obit October, 1710, æt. 3.

Catherine, his daughter, wife of James Simmons, obit May, 1788, æt. 79.

Thomas Penfold, obit April 24, 1827, æt. 79.

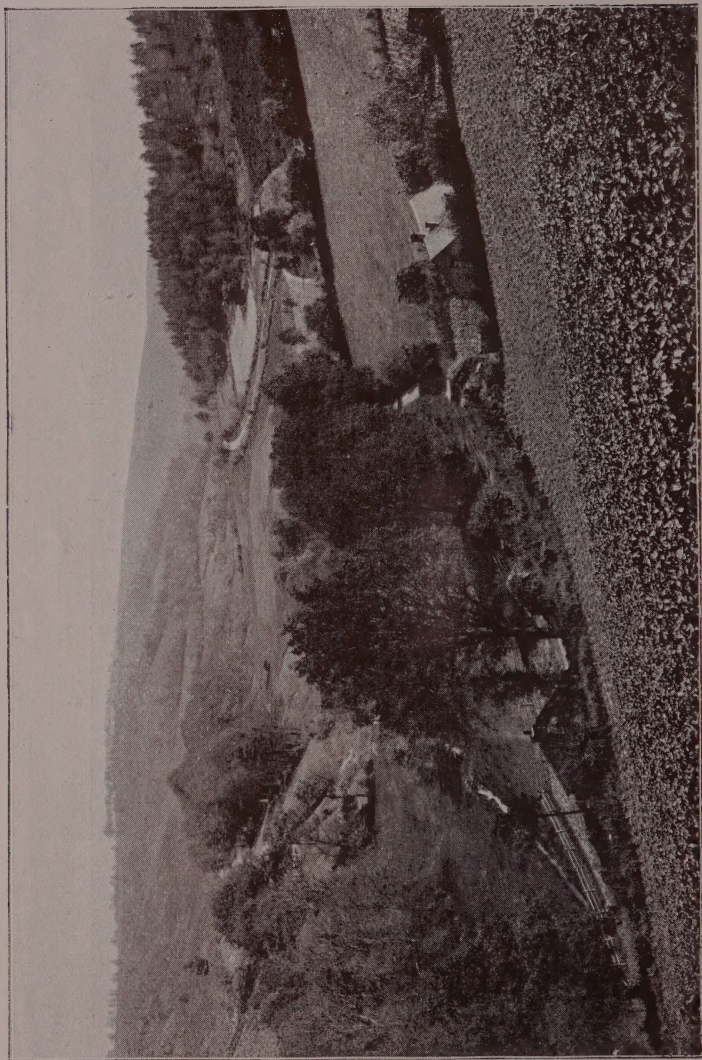
Ann, his wife, obit August 10, 1810, æt. 67.'

Some curious fragments of old glass in the west windows of the nave and the north aisle will also attract attention. They are mentioned in the article on Haslemere in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' (1802), already referred to, and are believed to have been brought from Kent two or three centuries ago. In the older portion of the churchyard, a nameless stone covers the mortal remains of Mr. Cecil Lawson, while, in the newer burial ground, Professor Tyndall's last resting place may at once be recognised (though it bears neither stone nor inscription) by the rugged and tangled mass



ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CHURCH.

Photo by Chalfont, Haldmere.



AMONG THE HASLEMERE HILLS.

Photo by West Godalming.

of gorse and heather which covers it, and which was planted in accordance with his expressed wish.

In the same portion of the churchyard the visitor will notice also the memorial cross, which bears on its base the following inscription :

'To the glory of God in loving memory of all, who, their bodies in God's acre laid to rest, their names in stone unwritten, have gone hence looking for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. All Hallows, 1901.'

We can make our way back to the High Street by the path which passes near the new and admirably designed *National Schools*.

When we reach the Market House we shall notice that the chief roads converge at this point. (Here, too, the Capital and Counties Bank and the London County and Westminster Bank have their branch offices.)

**Public Buildings,
etc.**

High Street itself, it should be remembered, is a continuation of the London, Guildford and Godalming roads. East Street (formerly Cow Street) leads to Petworth), skirting Lythe Hill. Shepherd's Hill, almost due south, steep and picturesque, and a deservedly favourite subject with artists, forms the Haslemere end of the Midhurst and Chichester Roads. Station Road represents the route to Farnham and the main Portsmouth Road.

Close by, on the slope of the hill, is the *Educational Museum*, which Haslemere owes to the generosity of the late Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.S., and which is fully described in a subsequent chapter. It is worth while to climb the steep, but short, ascent of *Museum Hill*, if only to enjoy the bird's-eye view it commands of the old town set in a fascinating framework of hills. Here considerable building development has taken place and is still in progress. On Shepherd's Hill is the admirably planned *Cottage Hospital*, founded by the late Mr. J. W. Penfold in memory of his father and mother, and presented by him to the town.

In Station Road will be found the *Congregational Church* (erected in 1880-1881), the lecture hall and

schoolroom adjoining representing the old chapel which was built early in the nineteenth century. Beneath this schoolroom the grave was discovered, some little time ago, of Mr. Christopher Lee, the founder of local Nonconformity in the district, and one of the earliest workers in the cause in South-West Surrey. The *Baptist Chapel* is also situated in the same thoroughfare; and the recently-erected *Wesleyan Chapel* and the *Educational Hall* will both be found on a knoll of ground just beyond the railway station. A little farther on, in the same direction, the visitor will notice the important building estate which was opened up by the late Lord Derby, on the portion of his property which lies immediately above the railway, and extends to Church Hill. Here will be found the spacious *Drill Hall*, built for the use of local Territorial and Cadet Corps purposes, through the generosity of Sir Harry Waechter. Adjoining the new Co-operative Society premises will be seen the *Co-operative Hall*.

The daughter church of St. Christopher at the corner of Farnham Lane and Bunce Lance, just off the Shottermill Road, deserves a few words of special notice. The church, which was designed by Mr. Charles Spooner and built by the Haslemere Builders Ltd. (a co-operative firm), may be described as a twentieth-century development of English Gothic. The ceiling is vaulted or waggon-shaped with panels; there are no columns. At present it accommodates a congregation of about 250 to 300, but it was planned with a view to possible enlargement in the future, and when completed the present structure will form the east part of the nave. The present chancel is on a sufficiently large scale to be in keeping with the final size of the enlarged church. The site for the edifice was given by the late Mr. Peter Aylwyn, for many years people's warden at the Parish Church; the foundation stone was laid by Mrs. Randall Davidson in November, 1902, and the church was consecrated by Bishop Ryle on Sep-

tember 29th, 1903. All seats are free and open. The lectern of wrought iron is a memorial to Mr. W. H. Thomas, formerly churchwarden of the Parish Church, and the visitor is sure to notice the leaden figure of St. Christopher and the Child in a niche outside the west door, which was designed and executed by Mrs. Charles Spooner, and is a memorial to Miss Hilda Todd. Since the opening of the church a window has been added to the memory of Major-General and Mrs. Barrow by their children and grandchildren.

The most striking decoration of the church, however, is the reredos consisting of a triptych, in which is a three-fold picture, a most beautiful piece of work done by Mrs. Chas. Spooner, wife of the architect of the church. The picture shows our Lord as amongst the sons of men, and in the centre panel there are kneeling figures, one of which may be said to typify labour, whilst the others represent sorrow and sin. In the left panel are saints of olden days, these including such typical figures as St. Francis of Assisi, Simon de Montfort, St. Louis of France, Joan of Arc and St. Elizabeth, and the little St. Hugh of Lincoln. In the right hand panel are saints of modern days, and amongst them it is easy to distinguish Father Damien, John Keble, General Gordon, Florence Nightingale and Sir James Paget. Altogether it is a most noteworthy window, and Mrs. Spooner was engaged upon it for five years.

St. Christopher's Hall, erected by Mrs. Chambers in memory of her husband, is largely used for meetings, concerts, etc., in that part of the parish.

No account of the Haslemere of to-day would be complete without mention of the *Natural History Society*, also of the Camera Club, both of which, with headquarters at the Educational Museum, have a keen and active membership; and of the *Haslemere Society of Artists* (Mr. William E. Muir, honorary secretary), which periodically arranges an interesting and very meritorious exhibition of paintings, drawings and etchings by members and their friends.

Here may be seen the work of Messrs. Robert Morley, R.B.A., and Walter Tyndale (painters); A. Bruce-Joy, R.H.A., and H. R. Hope Pinker (sculptors); Axel H. Haig, R.E., and Hedley Fitton, R.E. (etchers), and other artists who have a permanent or temporary home amid the Surrey highlands.

In King's Road is the home of the *Haslemere Weaving Industry*. Founded in 1895 by Mr. and Mrs.

Local Industries. Joseph King, of Witley, it gives regular employment to about ten women, who here produce on hand-loom linen and cotton fabrics. The materials woven are suited for household use, curtains, upholstery, articles of ladies' dress, etc. Some have patterns woven in the fabric, others are plain or varied in colour and stripes.

The work of the Industry is now well known, and the Weaving House is always open to interested visitors during working hours. A little lower down on the other side of the road is the Hall of St. George, where another weaving industry or school is carried on. Founded by Mrs. Godfrey Blount, the object of this enterprise was primarily to teach all the processes in the making of homespun, teasing, carding, dyeing, spinning, weaving and shrinking *by hand* from the fleece to the finished fabric. The "school" has now been incorporated with the rug-making and applique industry formerly carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Blount at St. Cross, Haslemere, and the whole has been taken over by the Peasant Arts Society, from whose headquarters, 17, Duke Street, Manchester Square, W., full information of the society and its aims can be obtained.

The members of this society are trustees for the nation of the Peasant Arts Museum, at present housed in a picturesque building attached to the Haslemere weaving industry. The museum contains a unique collection of objects of peasant art, that is to say, of things made and decorated by peasants for their own use. The major part of the col-

lection is that purchased by Dr. Greville MacDonald from the Rev. Gerald S. Davies, Master of the Charterhouse, the articles having been gathered by Mr. Davies during his many journeyings in Northern Europe. The present accommodation for the museum has been kindly provided by Mr. Joseph King, M.P., until sufficient funds have been subscribed for the erection of larger and more convenient premises close by on a site also given by Mr. King, who is himself the museum's enthusiastic curator.

The Country Church, above the Hall of St. George, is, we are told, "an effort, little understood at present, to reconcile and combine that freedom of thought and individual initiative which are becoming more and more recognised as an essential characteristic of the Christian spirit with those æsthetic accessories to devotion which are generally associated in the puritanical mind with superstition." The members of this "Church," which is quite unsectarian, feel that the reconstruction so necessary to-day can only be brought about through a new enthusiasm for lifting the whole of life to higher levels of thought and action. The movement owes its inception to Mr. Godfrey Blount.

Such are some of the most conspicuous points and features of interest which will attract the attention of the visitor who leisurely explores the Haslemere of to-day. Of the developments in the past three or four decades, to which we have already referred, whether in the form of public buildings or modern private residences, there are, as we have shown, many indications. But the town has not yet wholly lost its 'old-world' aspect. Many obvious links with the past yet remain, and the builder, busy though he has been, has spared much that picturesquely tells of bygone days. The artist will still find many tempting bits; and the lover of nature will see at a glance, whichever way he turns, that he is in the heart of a district exceptionally rich in varied charm and beauty.

IV.—HINDHEAD, GRAYSHOTT AND WAGGONER'S WELLS.

(a) Approaches.

AS readers of the 'Rural Rides' will recollect, Cobbett entirely lost his way—and with it his temper—on Hindhead. The present-day traveller, whatever may be his local starting point, need fear no serious difficulty in making his way to the hill top. Whether afoot or awheel he will have to climb, of course. But the ascent is gradual rather than steep; whatever his route it will afford him great charm and variety of scenery; and he will find no lack of explicit directions. A motor 'bus service runs daily (Sundays excepted) between Haslemere Station and Farnham. The following brief particulars of the various routes that may be followed may, however, be of service.

(i) From Haslemere.

(1.) The route most generally followed by vehicular traffic is that *via* the Shottermill Road and Critchmere Green. Starting from the railway station, proceed down Station Road and under the Railway bridge and continue for about three-quarters of a mile until the hamlet of *Shottermill* is neared. Then take the road to the right just before you come to the Church. This leads, by a long but gradual ascent, past the Surrey Trout Farm (established by the late Mr. Thomas Andrews) at Critchmere, to the Royal Huts Inn, at Hindhead Corner, on the main Portsmouth Road.

[For *Grayshott*, the pedestrian should leave this road by the second lane bearing to the left, half a mile or so beyond Critchmere, and presently take the steep path on his left which leads up the western ridge of the valley. A little way beyond Glen Lea the road divides;

take the right-hand fork, and presently the Portsmouth Road is reached, half-way between 'The Huts' and the 'Seven Thorns.' The road immediately opposite leads direct to Grayshott village.]

Continuing the main route along the road from Shottermill, shortly before we reach the summit we shall easily identify Professor Tyndall's Tyndall's house (Hindhead House) on the right by House. the remains of the two huge screens of gorse, which at the time of their erection were the subject of so much controversy. The house has a large bay-window, and looks across the road down Nutcombe Valley. The lane by the side of the screens, now rendered inconspicuous by the growth of the fir trees, leads on to the common. Tyndall was one of the first among our well-known *savants* to discover the health-giving qualities of the air of Hindhead and the infinite charm of the country around, and from the first he was anxious to preserve as much of the moorland as possible from the builder's clutch.

While the house was in course of erection Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall lived in a temporary iron structure on the grounds. Here, with only two rooms, and without servants (Mrs. Tyndall attending to the requirements of the small household), many happy 'makeshift days' were spent—some of the happiest days, indeed, in his married life, the Professor once declared. From 1887 onwards Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall divided their time between Hindhead and the Alps. During these years Tyndall's relations with the people of Haslemere were always of the most kindly and cordial description. A warm supporter of the Working Men's Institute, he found time to lecture to its members, and few worthy causes which called for local effort were without his help. He died at Hindhead House on December 4th, 1893, and, as previously mentioned, is buried in Haslemere Churchyard.

When, at the top of the hill, the main road is reached opposite 'The Huts,' turn to the right, and in a short distance the Devil's Punch Bowl is in sight. The old

road on the right leads direct to the summit of Hindhead Hill, 895 feet above the sea level.

Two alternative routes to Gibbet Hill or 'The Huts' from Haslemere may be mentioned for the pedestrian.

(2.) *Via Weydown.* Make first for the Church, then follow the lane which climbs the gentle ascent of Church Hill and presently opens out on Weydown

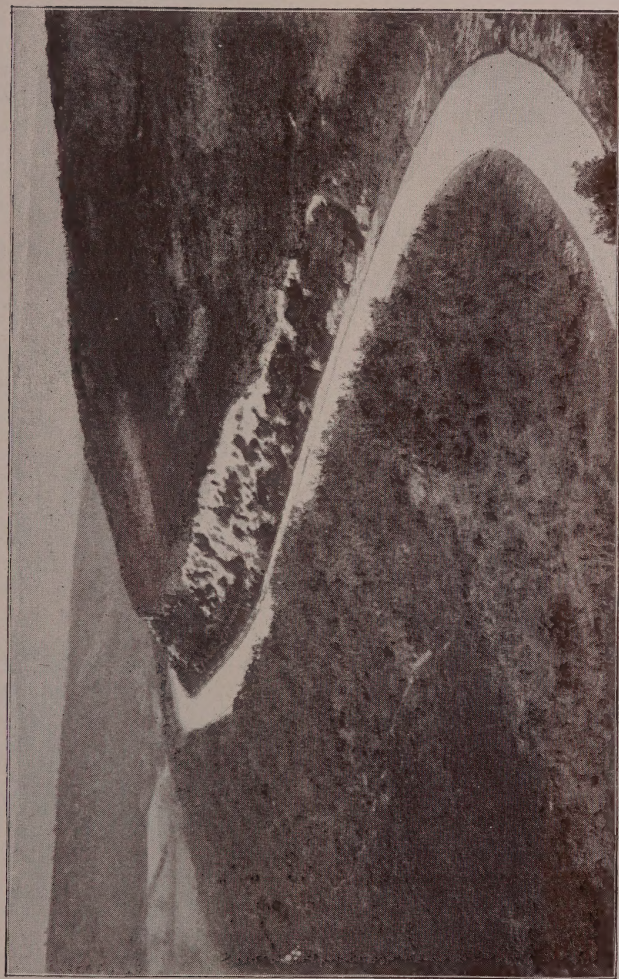
For the Pedestrian. Common. The ridge immediately in front of us is *Stoatley*, and at *Stoatley Farm*, in the valley below, Tennyson stayed in 1867 before Aldworth was built. From here he wrote to the Duke of Argyll :

'My wife has always had a fancy for the sandy soil and heather-scented air of this part of England, and we are intending to buy a few acres and build a little home here, whither we may escape when the Cockneys are running over my lawns at Freshwater.'

From Weydown Common, Gibbet Hill is plainly visible, and there are numerous tracks leading to it up the hill side—or in the direction of 'The Huts,' if we bear sharply to the left when the open ground is reached.

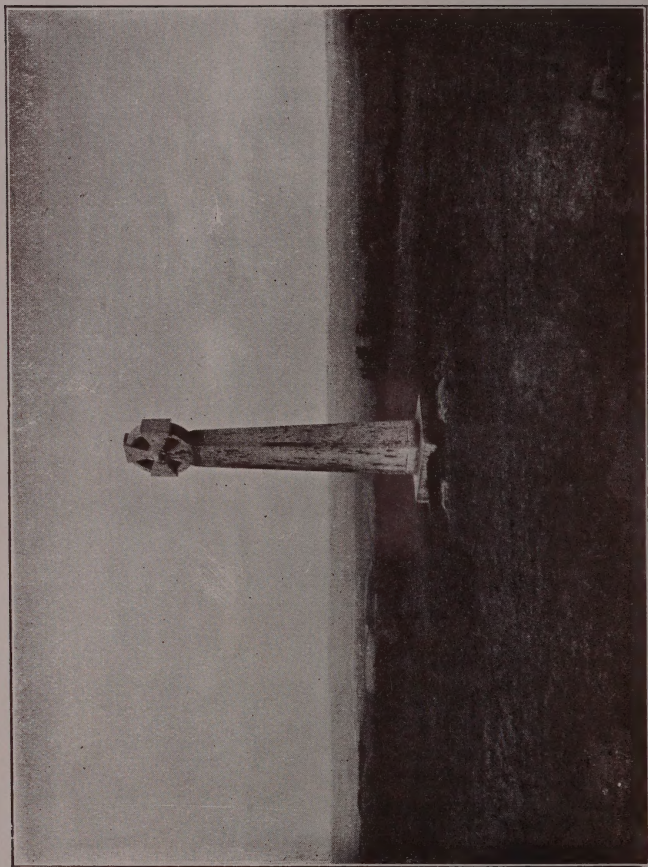
(3.) From the Shottermill Road, just before Lion Green is reached, turn up *Farnham Lane* — a lane worthy of Devonshire at its best—by which a sign post points to 'Weydown' on the right. This leads almost direct to Gibbet Hill, but the rambler, if bound for 'The Huts,' can either bear off to the left by a path running through a wood, near the bottom of the lane, or turn sharp to the left, three-quarters of a mile farther on, as soon as the open moor is reached.

[N.B.—The *shortest* route to 'The Huts' from the railway station is *via Lion Green* and the lane from it, which ultimately leads into the road from Shottermill. But this route is little used by wheeled traffic in view of the steepness of part of the ascent, and the pedestrian who is not pressed for time will find either of the routes 2 and 3, described above, preferable to this route.]



HINDHEAD.

Photo by West, Goulalming.



THE CROSS, HINDHEAD.

Photo by West, Godalming.

(ii) From Witley.

Another pleasant route by which the pedestrian can approach Hindhead is available from Witley. Leaving the railway station from the up-platform he should make first for Sandhills by the path which skirts Pine-wood. Passing through the picturesque hamlet of Sandhills, he should cross Brook Street, the main road from Godalming to Haslemere, and continue along the road immediately opposite, with its strip of common land on either side. In a mile and a half or more the road bears to the left at the junction with another road from Witley Park and Bowlhead Green; a short distance farther turn to the right, and then an easily detected footpath by Boundless Farm leads up through a delightful copse to Gibbet Hill.

(iii) From Godalming.

The approach to Hindhead and Grayshott from Godalming, by the Portsmouth Road, is too direct and familiar to call for detailed description.

Leaving Godalming High Street, just by the old Town Hall, the road leads through a well-wooded valley, in which the Wey runs, to *Milford*, where it divides. The left-hand branch, which takes us through *Witley* to *Haslemere*, is a hilly route, but not so full of varied beauty as some of the by-roads hereabouts, which the cyclist can, if he likes, explore. The right-hand branch is the direct Hindhead and Portsmouth Road, and soon brings us to the open moor. A mile or so from Milford the rough broken hill, known as Rodborough Hill, comes in sight on our right, a little above the road, and should be climbed for the sake of the wide view, ranging from the Hog's Back to the North Downs, which it commands. When, farther on, we have crossed Witley Common, the road on the left, marked *Bowlhead Green*, indicates a very pretty cross-country route to either Witley or Haslemere.

At the 'Red Lion,' the *Thursley* road branches off on the right, and the digression to this moorland village

is well worth making if time is no object. In the churchyard will be found the tomb of the murdered sailor, of whom we are to hear so much at Hindhead. But more attractive far than this memento of a ghastly tragedy is the lovely prospect which the churchyard commands. Returning to, or continuing along, the main road, the long ascent to Hindhead is soon begun in earnest. Two miles or so up the hill, the old and disused road which would take us direct to Gibbet Hill branches off on the left, the newer road, which has been in use since 1826, curving round the Punch Bowl a little lower down, and ultimately rejoining the sandy track which now denotes the old road, shortly before we reach 'The Huts' and the cross roads.

(iv) From Farnham.

The two routes to Hindhead available from Farnham, viz., *via* Waverley Abbey and Tilford, and *via* Millbridge and Frensham, will be found described in some detail under the heading 'To Farnham and Back.'

(b) Hindhead To-Day.

The centre of Hindhead as a residential district and a holiday resort is unquestionably to be found at the cross roads opposite 'The Huts.'

Here the London, Godalming and Portsmouth Road and the Haslemere and Farnham Roads intersect. Here the daily wants of an ever-increasing community are catered for by the modern shops and the Post Office, which face the old and considerably enlarged wayside inn. Close at hand are the 'Beacon' and the 'Moorland' Hotels, and the useful Hindhead Hall. On the hill side, in whichever direction we may turn, the builder has been and still is busy, although, happily, much of his handiwork is hidden in part, at least, by the pines which clothe the upland slopes.

Times have changed enormously — and we have changed with them—since Cobbett, despite all his love for English scenery, irritably denounced this bit of

lovely moorland as 'the most villainous spot God ever made.' Of late years, as we mention in our introductory chapter, the attractiveness of these breezy heights, with their dry soil and pure bracing air, has been widely recognised. And, apart from the constantly growing stream of visitors, not a few eminent men of letters and science have followed Tyndall's example and made Hindhead their home. Hither the late Grant Allen removed from Dorking in 1893, and built 'The Croft,' almost on the edge of the Punch Bowl; and here he found materials for his *Moorland Idylls* and other charming nature studies. Close by, in a sheltered spot commanding Nutcombe Bottom, is 'Undershaw,' a charming residence built by Sir A. Conan Doyle, who, on one occasion, at least, delighted his neighbours with public readings from his own works. 'Undershaw' was taken a few years ago by the Rev. Canon E. C. Selwyn, D.D., former headmaster of Uppingham School. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw for a time, was also a resident, and contributed much brightness as well as enlightenment to the proceedings of the Natural History Society. Near by, the late Professor E. W. Williamson had a country house for some years.

The great and varied beauty of the district, as we have previously mentioned, can only be fully gauged by many rambles, not only on the hill top itself, but also, and not least, among the valleys and uplands surrounding it. But, once on Hindhead itself, Gibbet Hill and the Punch Bowl undoubtedly have the first claim on our attention.

To *Gibbet Hill*, easily recognised by the granite cross on its summit, all visitors will speedily make their way, by whatever route they may have

The View from reached the hill top. Close to the
Gibbet Hill. cross is a post, on the top of which are marked in compass fashion the name, direction and distance of the chief points in the magnificent view this hill commands. Looking north

we see Godalming, the Charterhouse School, the Hog's Back, the Aldershot Hills, the Fleet Pond, and the heathlands which extend into Berkshire. On the north-east St. George's Hill and the high grounds at Wimbledon are seen. On the east Leith Hill, with its well-known tower, is easily distinguished, while in the fore-ground are the Hambledon Hills. On the south the eye wanders over the wide and well-wooded plain of the Sussex Weald as far as Chanctonbury Ring, while in the south-west are the Hampshire Downs, terminating in the high ground above Portsmouth.

Such is the distant view. Close at hand, gorse, heath and fern grow in wild luxuriance, while beneath our feet the whortleberry springs in abundance. Dr. Fitton, the well-known geologist, says :

'The whole of the tract here occupied by the sands, though not unpicturesque, is wild and barren in its aspect, destitute of wood, and producing only ferns, heath and furze. The surface is, in fact, to this hour nearly such as it may be conceived to have been when first uncovered by the sea, and its structure is just what may be imagined to result from the levelling effect of water under the influence of motion of no great violence.'

The granite cross, by which we stand, was erected as a landmark by the late Sir William Erle, Chief Justice of Common Pleas, and bears the inscription :

'Post Tenebras Lux,
In Luce Spes,
In Obitu Pax,
Post Obitum Salus.'

(After darkness, Light ; in light, Hope ; in death, Peace ; after death, Salvation.)

Immediately below us is the deep depression known as the Devil's Punch Bowl, though why any part of this beautiful and health-giving spot should be dedicated to the Evil One it is hard to say. 'This curious depression'—Mr. Baring-Gould writes in 'The Broom-squire'

—'in the sand range is caused by a number of springs welling up several hundred feet below the surface of the range. The

rain that falls on the hills sinks through the sand until it reaches an impervious bed of clay, when it breaks off at many orifices. These oozing springs, in the course of vast ages, have undermined and washed away the superjacent sand, and have formed the crater called the Devil's Punch Bowl. The bottom is one impassable swamp, and the water from the springs flows away to the north through an opening in the sand hills.'

Of the notorious tragedy which has for many years been associated with this spot, the story must be briefly told. In September, 1786, a lonely sailor was tramping down from London to Portsmouth. At Esher he fell in with three fellow-sailors — Michael Casey, James Marshall, and Edward Lonegon — bent on a similar errand. The four struck up a road-side friendship and agreed to proceed in company. That night they stayed at some way-side inn or slept in some shelter by the road, and the next day, apparently late in the afternoon, they called at the 'Red Lion,' near Thursley, where they were noticed by two country-fellows. The sailors proceeded on their way, and were afterwards followed by the two labourers. When the latter reached the summit of the hill and looked down into the hollow, they saw beneath them what they took at first to be the body of a sheep. One of them climbed down and found the dead body of the sailor, naked, and lying among the heather. Suspecting who were the murderers, the men quickly followed in their tracks, and overtook the three criminals near Petersfield, in the act of selling their victim's clothes. The culprits were tried at Kingston at the following assizes, and sentenced to death. Casey, it appeared, had knocked the sailor down—probably by an unexpected blow, rendering him at once insensible; the three had then stripped him, and each, it is said, had agreed 'to have two cuts at his throat.' After that they rolled the body into the Devil's Punch Bowl. On April 7, 1787, these three precious rascals were hanged, and gibbeted in chains on the top of Hindhead. On one side of the Punch

Bowl is an upright stone commemorating the crime and its penalty. The inscription runs :

‘Erected
In destestation of a barbarous murder,
Committed here on an unknown sailor,
On Sept. 24th, 1786,
By Edward Lonegon, Michl. Casey and Jas. Marshall,
Who were all taken the same day,
And hung in chains near this place.
“Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be
shed,” Gen., chap. 9, ver. 6.’

On the back of the stone is inscribed :

‘This stone was erected by order, and at the cost of,
James Stillwell, Esq., of Cosford, 1786.
Cursed be the man who injureth or removeth this stone.’

Notwithstanding the curse, however, the stone has been removed from the old road to the new road, about 60 feet lower down.

The unfortunate sailor was buried in Thursley Churchyard, and, though his name was unknown, pitying strangers decided that his last resting place should be marked. A stone, bearing a medallion with a rough representation of the tragedy, was erected in the churchyard, and on it the following lines may be traced :

‘When pitying eyes to see my grave shall come,
And with a generous tear bedew my Tomb;
Here shall they read my melancholy fate
With Murder and Barbarity complete.
In perfect health and in the flower of Age,
I fell a victim to Three Ruffians’ Rage,
On bended knees I mercy strove t’ obtain,
Their thirst of blood made all Entreaties Vain,
No dear relations or still dearer Friend
Weeps my hard lot or miserable end,
Yet o’er my sad remains (my name unknown)
A generous public have inscribed this stone.’

As readers of ‘Nicholas Nickleby’ will remember, the Punch Bowl was visited by Charles Dickens, for he

tells us how Nicholas and poor Smike reached here on their way to Portsmouth to seek for work :

'It was a harder day's journey than they had yet performed, for there were long and weary hills to climb, and in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up. However, they kept on with unbated perseverance, and the hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last. They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and Smike listened with greedy interest as Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone, which, reared upon that wild spot, tells of a foul and treacherous murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had been dyed with gore, and the blood of the murdered man had run down drop by drop into the hollow which gives the place its name. "The Devil's Bowl," thought Nicholas, as he looked into the void, "never held fitter liquor than that."'

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in the 'Broom-squire,' has woven this gruesome tragedy into a story, adding to the record by giving the sailor a daughter who becomes the heroine of his romance. The novel presents a vivid, if perhaps somewhat overdrawn, picture of the wild life of the district a century ago.

Far pleasanter thoughts than these, however, are suggested by the Hindhead of to-day. To quote the words of one who knows the hill top well :

'The thousands of trees on the tops of which you look down, making Surrey as you gaze eastward a paradise; the Hurt Hill copses that flank the path to Weydon and Haslemere; the treeless hills that look towards Thursley; the patches of gorse, light-green whortleberry, and purple heather, that border on the curving high road. Then there are the charming valleys with fir trees on their edges, enclosing acres of bracken with holly bushes dotted about upon their sides; especially that deepest one called Highcombe Bottom or the Punch Bowl; whose oozy centre is a paradise for naturalists.'

Hindhead under Many Aspects.

But, as the same writer has very truly pointed out, Hindhead is not dependent on sunshine and blue sky for its attractiveness. 'The garb of nature, in its sterner moods, well befits the region of the Gibbet Hill and the

Punch Bowl.' Even winter at Hindhead has its own charm.

'A white Christmas there is something to see and enjoy. One must go out sometimes at night—stars overhead—moonlight casting deep shadows—alone—possibly no one else on the whole range—space and silence around you—till some belated cyclist's light moving round the edge of the Bowl on the road beneath, arrests your eye and breaks the web of your reverie.'*

A mile and a half beyond 'The Huts,' on the Farnham, Tilford, and Churt Roads, is the village of Beacon Hill. Close at hand are the splendid links of the Hindhead Golf Club. A handsome church, dedicated to St. Alban; a fine Free Church Hall (Congregational), similar to that at Hindhead, with a Club Room containing a good billiard table; a County Council Elementary School; and a new Wesleyan Church, are all in evidence.

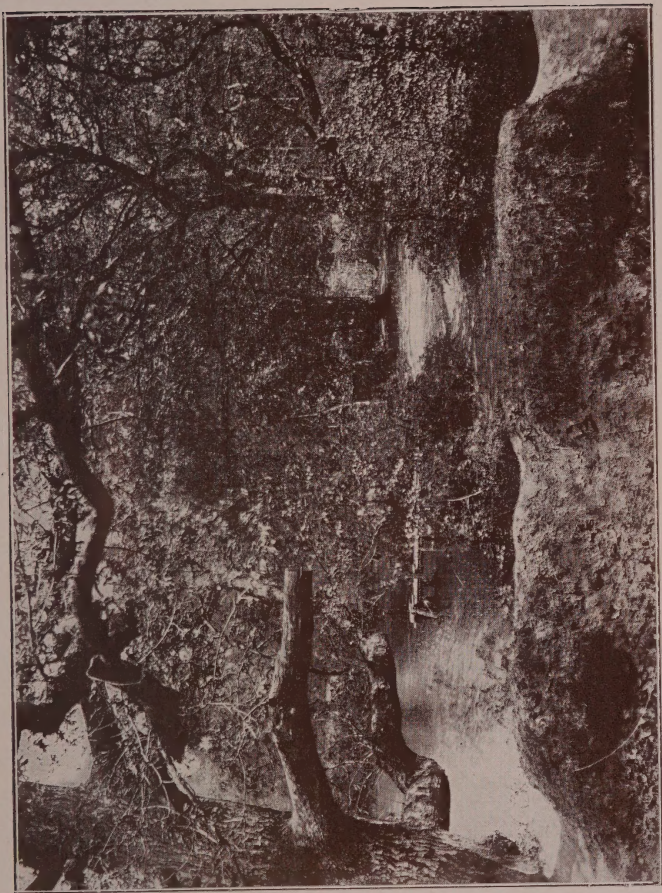
(c) Grayshott and Waggoner's Wells.

Essentially part of the Hindhead district as we know it to-day are the village of Grayshott and the far-famed Waggoner's Wells. To reach the former from 'The Huts,' take the Headley Road, the first road on the right on the way to Liphook.

Thirty or forty years ago Grayshott consisted of little more than a few huts. Thus Tennyson knew it when, in the sixties, he stayed for a time at Grayshott Hall, and contemplated building a house near the Devil's Jumps before his choice fell on Blackdown. To-day it is a populous village, with its recently built cottages, shops and houses—among them many boarding houses—picturesquely placed amid the pines and the bracken.

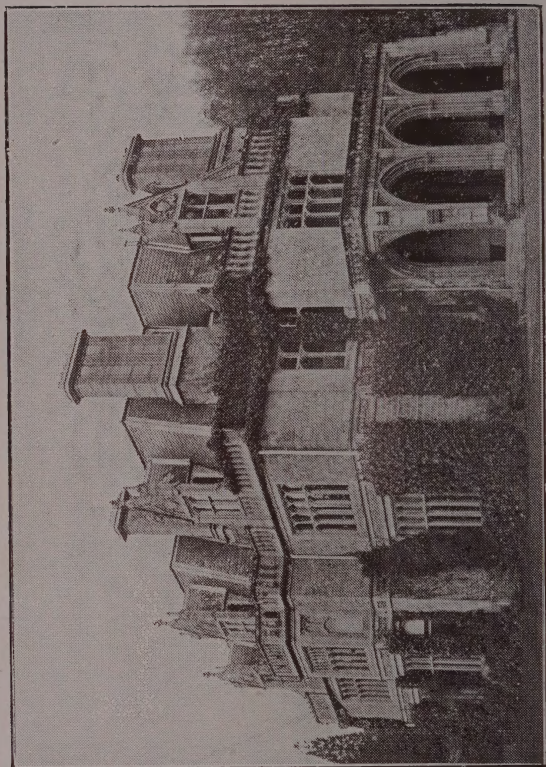
The village owes its growth to causes which are apparent at a glance to all who seek rest and recreation

* G. B. Stallworthy, in the 'Surrey Magazine.'



WAGGONER'S WELLS.

Photo by West, Godalming.



ALDWORTH HOUSE, BLACKDOWN.

Photo by Mr. A. Nicholls.

'far from the madding crowd.' Slightly more sheltered than the summit of Hindhead, it is yet on the very verge of the moorland. The visitor can stroll from his door amid the larches and the pines, or speedily make his way to the open hill top. If he aspires to longer trips, Haslemere and Blackdown, Liphook and Selborne and Wolmer Forest, Frensham and Churt, are all well within compass. He is only three miles from a railway station, and, allowing for the drive to Haslemere, he is within a couple of hours of London. And yet so peaceful and pleasant and health-giving are his surroundings—so pure and exhilarating is the air—that he might well conceive himself to be two or three hundred miles from the Metropolis.

Grayshott, as we see it, presents so modern a guise, that the visitor might be forgiven for imagining that it had no past. If, however, he will turn to **In Olden Days.** the late Canon Capes' scholarly volume, 'Rural Life in Hampshire,' he will be speedily undeceived. Canon Capes' object in this work was to throw as much light as possible upon the past history of an obscure parish—Bramshott; and with much skill and wide knowledge he describes the varying conditions of the people and the gradual changes of rural life in it. A portion of the newly-formed ecclesiastical district of Grayshott was formerly included in Bramshott, and to it, directly and indirectly, many of Canon Capes' pages refer. Thus, to take a single instance, we read how the commoners of Ludshot were aggrieved when Henry, lord of Bramshott, dammed up the stream and made the two lakes at Waggoner's (or Wakener's) Wells, at the expense of their own common, as they urged. But the story Canon Capes tells is too long even for abridgment in these pages. We need only further refer to it to note that it fully confirms local traditions as to the social conditions existing throughout this wild and sequestered district a century ago—or even less—when the highwayman was still busy on the Portsmouth Road. The statement

has indeed been made that when the late Mr. I'Anson decided to build a house at Grayshott he was told that he would not be able to complete it or to live in it, so lawless were the few dwellers in the hamlet. The prediction, it goes without saying, was falsified, and we simply hint at these memories of a vanished past to heighten the contrast which they suggest with the pleasant and peaceful Grayshott of to-day, and to pay a passing tribute to the influence which Mr. I'Anson and his family have exercised in helping to bring about the change.

For, in addition to invaluable help far back in the seventies in providing school and mission room accommodation, Grayshott largely owes to **Grayshott Church.** the same family its most conspicuous public building, the parish church of St. John-the-Baptist, for which so picturesque a site was found amid the trees at the junction of the Churt and Headley Roads. The honorary architect, Mr. I'Anson, is to be congratulated on the extreme effectiveness of his design. The building—Early English in style—consists of nave, two aisles and chancel, and a handsome tower with spire. The Bargate and Headley stone with which the church is faced was the gift of Mr. Whitaker, and it is worthy of remark that the work was wholly carried out locally under the direction of Mr. Foster without the intervention of a contractor.

The 'Fox and Pelican' is another of Grayshott's public institutions which is certain to attract special notice from the visitor. The fame of the **A Model Inn.** house has been noised abroad far and wide as a practical and earnest attempt to establish and maintain a village inn on 'reformed' lines. It is under the control of the People's Refreshment House Association. Alcoholic drinks, are of course, supplied, but the vendor has no motive for unduly pressing their sale. Equal prominence is given to non-intoxicating liquors; provision is made for

rational amusement; and the total abstainer will find that his taste and needs are sympathetically catered for.

The inn, which boasts a signboard painted by Mr. Walter Crane as a token of his sympathy with the movement is admirably designed and fitted up; its pleasant coffee room and smoking room, and its spacious recreation ground are excellent features. The architect was the late Mr. R. F. Macdonald, son of Dr. George Macdonald, who was himself frequently a resident in the Haslemere and Hindhead district; and it may also be of interest to know that many of the books to be found in the 'Fox and Pelican's' library were the gift of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bernard Shaw.

Last, but not by any means least, Grayshott is to be congratulated on possessing a particularly well-planned and commodious Village Hall and Institute. This is situated on the Headley Road, very near the centre of the village, and the boldness and success of the architect's design, so far as the elevation is concerned, will be admitted at once. Internally the fittings and the arrangements are not less admirable. The large hall, with its stage, is some 50 feet long by 30 or more in width; and ample accommodation is also provided in other rooms for the men's club and the girls' club, for technical class work and for the library. The total cost was between £3,000 and £4,000, and the scheme could not possibly have been carried out with the thoroughness and artistic excellence which undoubtedly characterise it, if it had not been for the generous help of one or two residents.

From Grayshott every visitor will, sooner or later, make his way to Waggoner's Wells, the lovely and sequestered glen a little to the south-west of the village. The wells, or, more accurately, the small lakes to which this name has been given, nestle

at the foot of thickly-wooded hills, with rich and varied foliage to the water's edge. The spot is an ideal one for a quiet picnic, or for a leisurely saunter along the rough woodland path which leads from one lake to the other.

Here Tennyson often wandered when sojourning at Grayshott, and here, too, he wrote the lines, 'Flower in the Crannied Wall.'

'Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.'

Mr. Le Gallienne's admirers will also be interested in knowing that he for some time resided in this neighbourhood, and that the woodlands surrounding the Wells are 'the strange old haunted forest,' described in 'The Quest of the Golden Girl.'

Fortunately the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty have been able to purchase Ludshott Common (542 acres) and $17\frac{1}{2}$ acres of adjacent woodland bordering Waggoner's Wells. The purchase money amounted to £1,675, and the total amount raised by voluntary contributions was £1,819 7s. The preservation of this beautiful tract, like that of Hindhead Common, which was also effected through the beneficent agency of the National Trust, will be of permanent and increasing public value.

The return to Hindhead from the glen may be made by a sandy track which leads from the head of the lakes to a picturesque lane terminating in the Liphook Road, a mile and a half below 'The Huts.' The lane almost immediately opposite affords a short cut back to Haslemere *via* Critchmere and Shottermill. Or a charming round may be made from the 'Wells' to Bramshott and Liphook, by the route described in reverse order in Chap. VI. (page 60).

HINDHEAD.

Height of heights ! whose lofty glory
 Thrills the souls of them that view thee ;
 Famed in rustic song and story
 Since a wise Creator drew thee
 From the void so vast and frameless :
 Never shall thy charms be nameless !

Winter storms and tropic thunder,
 Though they rage with fiercest keenness,
 Cannot draw thy might asunder
 Or despoil thy constant greenness.
 O'er the wide horizon ranging
 Thou art ever fast, unchanging.

Where the sailor's life-blood hallows
 All the rich and purple heather ;
 Where the grim and gruesome gallows
 Clanked their chains long months together,
 Hundreds now find joy in roving,
 Eager, keen, and Nature-loving !

When the sun in stainless splendour
 Sets upon thy slopes Titanic,
 Like an all-supreme Defender
 Thou dost tower, in might volcanic :
 Till the heart of whoso gazes
 Marvels in thy myriad mazes !

— G. R. SAMWAYS.

V.—BLACKDOWN; ALDWORTH & TENNYSON.

BLACKDOWN, the beautiful table land, 800 feet above sea level, which lies some three miles south-east from Haslemere, has not yet won the popularity which Hindhead has already gained. But it has charms of its own—not least among them, to some minds, a seclusion greater than can ordinarily be enjoyed on the now famous moorlands which abut on the Portsmouth Road. Moreover, Blackdown, by virtue of the favour it found with the late Poet Laureate, has associations which link it with one ever-memorable name in English literature. On all grounds, in fact—and particularly on a bright breezy day—the pilgrimage thither from Haslemere is worth making, even if it is not included in a longer trip on to Fernhurst and Midhurst.

Leaving Haslemere by East Street, a finger post directing to Blackdown will be reached in about half a mile. Here care should be taken to avoid the road on the left leading to the entrance to Lythe Hill. If, instead, we turn sharply to the right on leaving the main road, a short stiff climb will speedily bring us to the gate opening into *Tennyson's Lane*.

This delightful lane, which leads us by a very gentle ascent to the moorland, is overarched almost all the way with trees, until it opens out on to Blackdown. Making our way to the crest of the hill, where gorse, heath, fern and whortleberry scramble for predominance, a grand view is gained over the Wealds of Surrey and Sussex, and the whole country between the North and South Downs lies stretched before the vision. Sometimes a sharp eye may even without the aid of a glass get a glimpse of the Channel through a dip of the Downs. Gazing northward, Guildford Castle can be

discerned. Eastward are the Hambledon Hills and the village of Chiddingfold, while farther to the right are Hascombe Hill, Ewhurst Hill, with the remains of its windmill, and Leith Hill, with its tower.

Just below a private road on the north side of Blackdown lies *Aldworth*. Here, in this lovely 'Sussex eyrie,' Tennyson built himself a home **Aldworth.** where he might live unmolested from the prying and intruding gaze of 'lion hunters.' From the highway nothing can be seen of the house but the roof and chimneys, the long drive and shrubberies protecting it from all publicity.

Early in the fifties Tennyson had some thoughts of settling in Surrey, and visited Farnham and neighbourhood with this object in view. The idea, however, did not really bear fruit until 15 years later, when, as the letter to the Duke of Argyll already quoted, explains, the poet and his family were staying in this corner of the county with a view to finding a site for a new and secluded home, free from the constant invasion of visitors to which they were subjected at Farringford. Ultimately the site at Blackdown was chosen (June, 1867). It is interesting to recall Lady Tennyson's description in her journal of her first visit to the spot :

'We went there in an odd procession, Lionel on a donkey with a lady's saddle, I driving in the basket carriage, the rest walking. The wheels spun round on the axles without touching the ground in some of the deep ruts, and the carriage had to be lifted over, William leading the pony carefully. At last we reached the charming ledge of the heathery down. This looks over an immense view bounded by the South Downs on the south, by Leith Hill on the north. Copsewood surrounds the ledge, and the hill protects it from the north-west. The foxglove was in full bloom. A. helped me down the mountain path. We all enjoyed the day thoroughly.'

Ten days later the land was bought, and Mr. (now Sir) James Knowles was chosen as the architect of the new home. The following January the actual site of the house was fixed upon, and the original name, Blackhorse Copse, was changed to Aldworth, the latter being

selected because Lady Tennyson's family came from a village of that name near Streatley, in Berks. On April 23rd (Shakespeare's birthday) the foundation stone was laid with a little informal family ceremony, and in August of the following year we find the poet writing :

'We have got into our new house, which is very charming. Nothing in it pleases me more than the bath, a perennial stream which falls through the house, and where I take three baths a day.'

Henceforth a considerable portion of each year was spent at Aldworth, though Farringford was never entirely forsaken. As the late Mr. Aubrey de Vere has truly said :

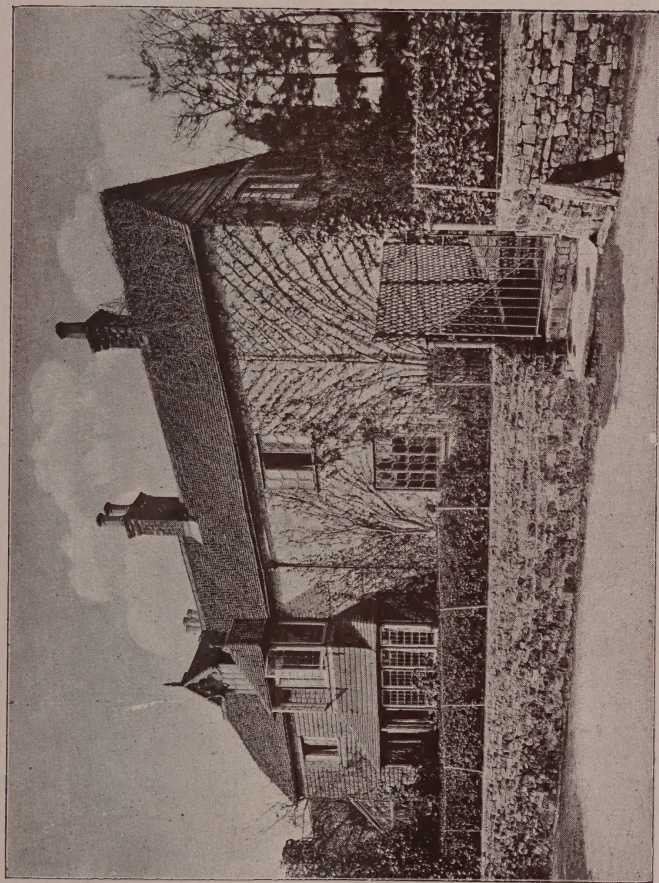
'The second home was as well chosen as the first. It lifted England's great poet to a height from which he could gaze upon a large portion of that English land which he loved so well ; see it basking in its most affluent summer beauty, and only bounded by the "inviolable sea." Year after year he trod its two stately terraces with men the most noted of their time, statesmen, warriors, men of letters, science and art, some of royal race, some famous in far lands, and none more welcome to him than the friends of his youth.'

Blackdown's fine air, as the poet's biographer tells us, effectually cured his summer hay-fever, and he was able for many succeeding years thoroughly to enjoy walks and drives in the surrounding country. A walk before lunch, whether in fair weather or foul, over hill and dale, was a part of his regular daily round. Always alert for strange birds or flowers, he kept an equally sharp look-out for strangers, and tourists, at the sight of whom he would forthwith flee. With the country folk, however, he liked to converse, and 'especially enjoyed a chat with poor old men.'

From the same authoritative volume we obtain a very interesting picture of the last summer and autumn

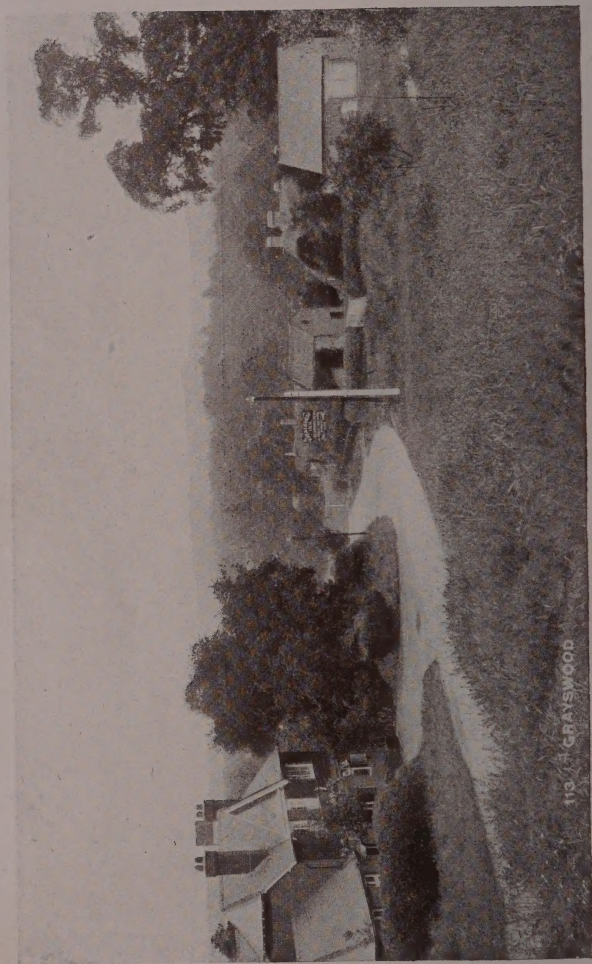
spent by the Laureate on these Sussex downs. The regular walks gradually dwindled down, and more and more

time was spent in the summer-houses—one used when the west wind was blowing, the other



BROOKBANK, SHOTTERMILL (GEORGE ELIOT'S COTTAGE).

Photo by Shawcross, Guildford.



113. GRAYSWOOD

GRAYSWOOD.

Photo by Chalfont, Haslemere.

when the east wind prevailed, or when there was a gorgeous sunset.

'From the eastern summer-house at Aldworth you see under alders and birches, over a heather glade, a stretch of cornland and woodland, with here and there a mellow grange nestled in some dell of the Sussex weald, and far off the long line of Leith Hill and the Kentish downs. The "sunset harbour" looks on Blackdown's "bleak ridges fledged with pine," or northward beyond promontories of beech and holly, beyond the red roofs of Haslemere up to the bold form of Hindhead. Latterly his walks were confined to what he called "my demon-haunted hill," with groves of oak close at hand—"grain storm-strengthened on a windy site"—and larch and chestnut clothing the more distant slopes, haunts of woodpecker, jay, wood pigeon and turtle dove. The colours of the vegetation carpeting the moor behind Aldworth, as he saw them this last autumn, were very various, almost like a garden of flowers, ranging from the grey lichen, and the brown and the light green mosses, to the fading purple ling, the scarlet bramble bushes and whortleberries, and the brilliant fields of golden fern. On the summit of Blackdown we used to watch many wild birds, owls of all sorts, nightjars, sparrowhawks, hobbyhawks, pheasants, partridges, whose cries reminded him of a "rusty key turned in a lock."'

Tennyson's own description of the autumn view from Aldworth we have in the lines addressed to Sir Edward Hamley as a prologue to the 'Charge of the Heavy Brigade':

'Our birches yellowing, and from each
The light leaf falling fast,
While squirrels from our fiery beech
Were bearing off the mast,
You came and look'd, and loved the view,
Long known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
With one grey glimpse of sea.'

To Aldworth came, during the summer months for many successive years, many men and women who, in Aubrey de Vere's phrase, were the most noted of their time—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who we read (1871) 'frisked about like boy and girl on the heather;' George Eliot and G. H. Lewes from Witley; old friends like the late Lord Selborne, Lord Houghton and F. T. Palgrave; distinguished soldiers like Lord Napier of

Magdala and Sir E. Hamley—the list might be almost indefinitely extended.

It was at Aldworth that the poet's last days were spent. A week before the end came he took his last drive—to Haslemere—and, pointing out
Last Days. to his son his old accustomed haunts, said, 'I shall never walk there again.'

So it proved. Slowly his strength failed, and in the early hours of October 6th, 1892, he breathed his last. 'Nothing,' wrote his friend and medical attendant, Dr. Dabbs, 'nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours.'

'On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, "drawing thicker breath," irresistibly brought to our minds his "Passing of Arthur."'

Five days later the coffin was borne on a waggonette—heavily laden with wreaths and crosses of flowers—over the moor through the lane which still bears, and we may hope always will bear, the poet's name, 'towards a glorious sunset, and later through Haslemere under brilliant starlight' to its fitting resting place at Westminster.

Tennyson's associations with Haslemere were of the slightest. He went to Aldworth just as years before he had gone to Farringford from Twickenham to escape society and to be far from the haunts of men. And it was but rarely that he was tempted from the seclusion which Aldworth afforded. He was generally present at the flower show held each summer in the lovely grounds of Lythe Hill. Save on this annual public or semi-public appearance he was seldom seen in the town. Haslemere nevertheless rightly cherishes its association with the home of one of the greatest Victorian poets, and not least with the closing scenes of a life which will always have an honourable record in the history of English letters.

At the present time Aldworth is the home of Lord and Lady Parker.

On Blackdown itself, if we wander to the crest of the down, many hours may be enjoyably spent on a summer's day. From various points a view similar in extent and beauty to those which have already been described can be obtained, and the quiet and seclusion of the scene will appeal strongly to nature lovers, to whom Hindhead may have lost something of its attractiveness as it has increased in fame and popularity.

If we continue in a south-westerly direction towards Fernhurst, half-an-hour's walk brings us to *Blackdown Cottage*, for several years the summer residence of Mr. Frederic Harrison. Here, in a little summer-house surrounded by yew, holly and beech trees, Mr. Harrison's pen has been busily employed, and hither, too, many of his friends in the world of art and letters have journeyed. Close by is *Blackdown House*, which Oliver Cromwell is said to have visited, and where the bedstead on which the Protector is alleged to have slept was long preserved.

The return to Haslemere from Blackdown can be made either *via* Aldworth and the Warren, or *via* Vale Wood Park.



VI.—SHOTTERMILL AND LIPHOOK.

NO visitor to Haslemere or Hindhead should fail to include among his excursions a trip to Liphook *via* Shottermill and Linchmere. And the pedestrian who wishes to make a good and extremely varied twelve-mile ramble cannot do better than return from Liphook *via* Bramshott, Waggoner's Wells and Grayshott, and Hindhead.

If Haslemere is our starting-point, we leave the town by Station Road, and in less than a mile find ourselves at Shottermill Church, just beyond the point at which the road to Hindhead, described on page 42, branches off on the right. If we start from Hindhead this road from 'The Huts' is the direct route to the hamlet.

A little farther, near the Post Office and the Staff of Life Inn, we shall notice *Brookbank*, the pretty gabled cottage, with lattice windows, where 'George Eliot's Cottage.' *George Eliot* and Mr. Lewes spent three months in comparative retirement. Here is the novelist's description of their life there :

'Ever since the 1st of May (1871), we have been living in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of the Gilchrist who wrote the life of William Blake, the artist. We have a ravishing country round us, and pure air and water—in short, all the conditions of health, if the east wind were away. We have old prints for our dumb companions—charming children of Sir Joshua's and large hatted ladies of his and Romney's.'

In July of the same year George Eliot was obliged to leave the 'queer cottage,' of which she had become very fond. She was, however, able to secure a more comfortable house on the other side of the road, where she remained until the end of August. Whilst here she was at work on 'Middlemarch.'

'Imagine me,' she writes, 'seated near a window, opening under a veranda, with flower beds and lawn and pretty hills in sight, my feet on a warm bottle, and my writing on my knees.'

In that attitude my mornings are passed. We dine at two, and at four, when the tea comes in, I begin to read aloud. About six or half-past we walk on the common and see the great sky over our head. At eight we are usually in the house again, and fill our evenings with physics, chemistry, or other wisdom if our heads are at par; if not, we take to folly, in the shape of Alfred D. Musset's poems, or something akin to them.'

Of the attractions of the district George Eliot writes :

'Our country could hardly be surpassed in its particular kind of beauty—perpetual undulation of heath and copse and clear views of hurrying water, with here and there a grand pine wood, steep wood-clothed promontories and gleaming pools.'

At one time it was quite possible that yet another famous name in English letters would be associated with Brookbank. As George Eliot mentions, the cottage was for a time the residence of Mrs. Gilchrist, who removed here shortly after her husband's death. In 1863, when she had finished the latter's biography of Blake, Mrs. Gilchrist wrote to Mrs. Carlyle and placed Brookbank at her husband's disposal. The offer was, however, declined with 'a thousand thanks.' Shortly afterwards W. M. Rossetti and his sister Christina were among Mrs. Gilchrist's guests; while in later years the cottage became for a time the residence of Dr. Oswald Dykes, the well-known Presbyterian divine.

On quitting Shottermill, we pass under the railway and then turn to the right, and afterwards to the left, for *Linchmere*—a charmingly sequestered and picturesque village, whose ancient farmhouses and **Linchmere.** cottages give the scene quite a character of its own. The Church, with its lovely surroundings will at once attract admiration. In a valley close at hand are the ruins of *Shulebrede Priory*, in the grounds of which stands the residence of Mr. A. W. H. Ponsonby, M.P. The Priory was, it is believed, founded in the thirteenth century, and suppressed during the Commonwealth. The chief feature of the remains is the Prior's chamber, on the walls of which the original frescoes are still to be traced. One drawing represents the Nativity in which the Virgin and Child

are surrounded by several birds and animals with labels at their mouths. Thus, from the mouth of the cock issue the words, 'Christus natus est' (Christ is born); a duck enquires 'Quando' (When?); a raven replies 'In hac nocte' (In this night); a cow asks 'Ubi, ubi' (Where, where?); and a lamb answers 'Bethlem, Bethlem.'

From Linchmere we can make our way across Linchmere Common to the old-world village of *Liphook*, which, in the old coaching days, was so often **Liphook.** used as a halting place for the night by travellers on their way to Portsmouth. Its well-known inn, 'The Anchor,' remains as an evidence of bygone glories, and can justly boast of many interesting memories. Beneath its roof stayed several of our monarchs, notably George III. and William IV. Pepys tells us (August 6th, 1688):

'Got to Liphook late, over Hindhead, having an old man as guide in the coach with us; but got there with great fear of being out of the way, it being ten at night. Here good honest people . . .'

Wilkes, too, used to 'lie at Liphook on his way to and from his villakin' at Sandown (1783-97), and here

'He wrote some of his gossiping letters to his daughters, sometimes in praise of the delicious tench he caught hard by, on other times in less personal mood about the "dull and sour" hostess, Mistress Keen, or the "dreary" stretch of country from Liphook to Guildford, and the noise and dust on the crowded road, along which recruits were hurrying to join their ship, or home bound sailors were spending their prize money in carouses at the "Cider" tap.

'There, when the war was over, came Marshal Blucher with a goodly number of notables entertained by the Prince Regent. There, in later days, the Duke of Clarence, when High Admiral, often looked in for friendly talk with the host Dowling, who before had held an office in the service. The example was followed by a long train of noble personages, whose names have lingered in the traditions of the house down to the time when the Duchess of Kent came repeatedly with the Princess Victoria, and they showed themselves in the garden and at the windows to the crowd that gathered round.'*

* 'Rural Life in Hampshire.'

Liphook is a good centre for several pleasant excursions, and notably for exploring *Wolmer Forest* and *Selborne*.

If we return to Hindhead and Haslemere by the Portsmouth Road, we pass the *Seven Thorns Inn*, which dates back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and which takes its name from the seven old trees still facing it on the other side of the road. The late Mrs. Oliphant placed the scene of one of her tales, 'The Cuckoo in the Nest,' in this neighbourhood, and both the *Seven Thorns Inn* and *Downlands House* (described as *Greyshott Manor*) figure largely in the tale.

The pedestrian, however, can be strongly recommended to make the detour to Waggoner's Wells, mentioned at the beginning of the chapter.

To Waggoner's Wells. For a short distance follow the main road up towards Hindhead, and after crossing the Wey — here a tiny streamlet—take the first turning to the left leading to Bramshott Church and Village. On passing the Church bear to the right until Downlands House, with its fine avenue of beeches, is seen on the left. When the open common is reached turn to the left, skirting the grounds of Downlands House, and in less than three-quarters of a mile we arrive at the west end of Waggoner's Wells. After traversing this picturesque glen the visitor can direct his steps to Hindhead, returning thence to Haslemere by either of the routes previously mentioned; or, when the main road is reached, half-way between the 'Seven Thorns' and the 'Royal Huts,' a charming lane on the right affords a steep, short cut back to Haslemere *via* Critchmere and Shottermill.

VII.—MIDHURST; CHIDDINGFOLD & WITLEY.

TWO excursions in opposite directions from Haslemere are briefly described in the following note; and neither should be missed by the visitor who has time and inclination to explore all aspects of the very varied country to be found in this Surrey and Sussex borderland.

For example, the trip south from Haslemere to *Midhurst*—the distance by the main road is only eight miles—unquestionably is one of the most attractive drives in the southern counties. A stiff climb over Shepherd's Hill may be avoided by taking the road to Shottermill, and bearing to the left at Shottermill Church to rejoin the direct road from Haslemere about a mile and a half from the town. The views throughout the route are most varied and beautiful. Note especially the lovely prospect just above Fernhurst (three miles from Haslemere), and again from Henley Hill. At *Fernhurst*, the Church, partly rebuilt in 1882, is well worth a visit, and Verdley Place, the late Lord Davey's magnificently situated mansion, is sure to attract attention.

Midhurst, with its long wide High Street, still has quite an old-world look. The chief object of interest to the visitor, however, will unquestionably be the fine ruins of *Cowdray Castle*, which was destroyed by fire in 1793. In the ruins, to which a long path leads from the left of the High Street, may still be traced some of the history of this celebrated mansion. Over the entrance porch, with its fan tracery, are the initials, W.S., of William, Earl of Southampton, who built the house in 1530, and also his arms—an anchor and a trefoil. From him it passed by marriage to Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse to Henry VIII., whose arms are emblazoned over



PINE WOODS, WITLEY.

Photo by West, Godalming.



CHIDDINGFOLD GREEN.

Photo by Chalfont, Haslemere.

the archway of the principal front. Sir Anthony's son was created in 1554 Viscount Montague, and the house remained in the possession of this family until its destruction within a month of the death of the last Viscount Montague in 1793. Here in 1591 Queen Elizabeth was regally entertained for six days, and in 1782 Dr. Johnson visited the house and found it a perfect repository of treasures of all kinds.

Two or three old houses in the High Street are well worthy of notice and the visitor may like to remember that Midhurst was closely associated with Richard Cobden, who was born at Heyshott, educated at Midhurst Grammar School, and buried at West Lavington, a short distance from the town.

To the Fold Country.

In the opposite direction from Haslemere a pleasant excursion can be made to Chiddingfold and Witley, *via* Grayswood. Three Gates Lane—the first lane to the right at the north end of High Street—leads over Grayswood Common to Grayswood Hill. From the Common itself extensive views across the Weald can be obtained, while the prospect from Grayswood Hill, though less extensive and very different in character, is almost as fine. Grayswood Common, which lies on both sides of the London Road, is of small extent, but of unique character, among the common lands of Haslemere. In 1906 the beautiful woodland glades which gave the common its peculiar charm were unfortunately almost denuded of the magnificent oaks which had flourished there for centuries. There are, however, still some old oaks left, and many specimens of fine beech, whilst holly, birch and mountain ash are also found. At the foot of the hill where the road emerges from the wood a church and schools have been built. On the left hand side of the main road will be found the Wheatsheaf Hotel, one of the excellent houses of refreshment owned by the Surrey Public-house Trust. An old house of the

same name formerly existed on the opposite side of the road. The Surrey Public-house Trust, on acquiring the license, had it transferred to new premises, specially designed to meet the requirements of the numerous band of tourists and visitors which this charming neighbourhood attracts in an increasing degree each year. On descending Grayswood Hill, bear to the right at the foot, and, after passing Prestwich, Combe Manor House is reached.

Chiddingfold.

The road on the right leads to Chiddingfold, an old-world village clustering round a large green. Here we enter the 'Fold Country,' so rich in woodland beauty, where fine old timbered farmhouses recall the prosperity of the yeomen of the past, and the 'hammer' ponds remind us of an industry that has long since vanished from rural Surrey. Chiddingfold can claim greater antiquity than many of the villages in this corner of Surrey. It boasts the site of the first Roman villa discovered in the Weald; and some specimens of the pottery and glass so brought to light may be seen in the Surrey Archæological Society's Museum at Guildford. Again, in the Middle Ages, it enjoyed the privilege of an annual fair and a weekly market, under a charter granted at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The smithy, which to-day forms such a picturesque bit on the village green, stands on the site of the market house; near it were the village cross and the stocks.

For two or three centuries, moreover, Chiddingfold was the chief seat of the glass-making industry in Surrey. Foreign craftsmen were attracted to the spot by the abundance of timber for fuel, and the presence in the soil of the firestone which was used for making the bed of their furnaces. The industry thrived, for the records show that Chiddingfold glass was supplied for St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster; and Fuller even claims that they were the only glass works in the

country in the sixteenth century. Possibly the latter claim was not strictly accurate, but we have definite authority for the statement that there were at least eleven glass-houses on Chiddingfold Green in the days of Elizabeth, when the neighbouring residents petitioned the Queen to put down the works, as a 'nuisance.' The petition was successful, and the glass-houses disappeared.

In the southern portion of the parish the iron industry, which gradually extended from the Sussex Weald across the border into Surrey, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, obtained a firm footing, and Chiddingfold fire-dogs and grate-backs, still to be met with in the farmhouses around, and ornamented in a grotesque manner, are much prized. They remind us that three centuries ago or more the Weald was the chief seat of the English iron trade. As in the case of glass, timber, in which the district abounded, supplied the fuel for the furnaces; and the Southern foundries continued to flourish until the use of coal in the North placed the industry on a totally different footing.

The Parish Church, which dates back to the latter part of the twelfth century, and was considerably enlarged two centuries later, was

The Church and the 'Crown.'

restored in 1869-70, and suffered somewhat in the process. But it still has some interesting features, of which, perhaps, the chief is the Early English chancel. Among its rectors was Edward Layfield, of whose experiences under Puritan persecution Walker gives a lively and sympathetic account in his 'Sufferings of the Clergy.' In the churchyard is buried the mother of Dr. Young, author of 'Night Thoughts.'

On the opposite side of the Green, the picturesque front of the old Crown Inn—one of the oldest inns in the country—is sure to attract attention. The house, it is thought, may have served as a priest's residence, and it was at one time believed that a subway connected it with the church. Mention is, however, definitely

made of it as the 'Crown' in documents bearing date 1536. Originally it comprised a one-storeyed hall in the centre, with a two-storeyed wing at either end. But three centuries ago or more the central hall was done away with, and this part of the building also converted into two storeys. In general design the house resembled many other mediæval buildings of the same kind, but both the materials used and the workmanship appear to have been much above the average; and the interior to-day is full of interest.

Witley.

We shall have no difficulty in making our way from Chiddingfold to Witley by the main road. But the rambler will be well repaid if he forsakes
To Witley. this road, after passing Northbridge, for the path is on his right, which leads through Hambledon Hurst to Hambledon Common. He should then, bearing to the left, make his way past Hambledon Workhouse, following the lane which brings him out into the main road, almost exactly opposite the footpath to Witley Station.

On Wormley Hill we find ourselves once more amongst the pines, and we enter a district rich in artistic associations and attractiveness.

It may almost be said that Witley was 'discovered' by the late Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A. Since Mr. Hook first went to Witley in 1857, numbers of other artists have found homes—permanent and temporary—in this lovely neighbourhood, amongst them being the late Mr. Birket Foster and Mrs. Allingham. George Eliot lived at The Heights for some time. Lord Pirrie, who spends a good deal of time at Witley Park, owns a large amount of land in the neighbourhood, while Lord Knutsford's Surrey seat, Pinewood, is on the high ground immediately above the railway.

In going from the station to the village we shall observe on the other side of the railway the handsome convalescent home, opened in 1890, for patients from

Bethlem Hospital. Near to the village is King Edward's School, erected in 1887, in connection with and under the control of the governors of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem. Presently we find ourselves in Witley Street, with its quaint and picturesque cottages, and the ivy-clad church, perched pleasantly on a knoll just above the road. The Church, which has been thoroughly but tastefully restored, has some good Early English work.

The return from Witley to *Hindhead* can be pleasantly made by the route from the railway station, *via* Sandhills and Brook, described on page 41. The round to *Haslemere* can be completed by turning to the left at the Godalming end of the village, over Mare Hill, and again to the left when the main road to Haslemere is rejoined, opposite to one of the entrances to Witley Park, Lord Pirrie's magnificent mansion.



VIII.—TO FARNHAM AND BACK.

VERY different in character to the 'Fold' country, to which the trip to Chiddingfold just described takes us, is the broad stretch of moorland which separates the Hindhead range from Farnham. In lieu of the Wealden clay and oaks, we find ourselves once again among the sand hills and the pines. Wide heathery commons abound; and the Frensham ponds give to the landscape—at least as we see it from many points of vantage—the touch of water which is sometimes noticeably lacking in many of the fairest scenes in Surrey.

As, moreover, the district is rich in local traditions and lore, and possesses one or two features of special interest in other ways, the cross-country journey from Haslemere or Hindhead to Farnham and back can be strongly commended to all visitors at either of the former centres.

(a) Via Churt, Frensham, Millbridge, to Farnham.

We can conveniently make 'The Huts' at Hindhead our starting point. From here, as previously explained, the Farnham Road branches off from the Portsmouth Road at right angles to it, and directly opposite the Shottermill Road. Almost at once we begin the descent of Beacon Hill, and before us stretches a magnificent view across the heather and bracken-covered common land which lies at the foot and climbs the side of the Hindhead hills to the richer foliage of Churt and the Wey Valley, with the scattered belts of pines at Crooksbury and elsewhere, which form the boundary line of the environs of Farnham.

Half a mile from 'The Huts' the road divides. We take the left-hand branch, and three miles farther on, after practically a continuous descent, we enter the scattered village of *Churt*. Here, as we near the Church, various tempting cross roads and lanes present themselves. We may bear to the right and passing *Silverbeck*, where the late Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., resided, proceed across Churt Common towards Frensham. We shall, however, perhaps best serve our purpose by keeping straight on, past the west end of the Church by the road which, presently with the open common on our right, brings us to the eastern edge of the *Frensham Great Pond*.

This fine sheet of water, over two miles in circumference, with a sand beach by the roadside which almost suggests the thought that we have come unexpectedly upon an arm of the sea, has a wide and well-deserved reputation amongst anglers, for whom the Frensham Pond Hotel, half a mile to the west, makes provision. Boating facilities may also be obtained here; and the spot, with its wide expanse of open moor, and the beauty of its surroundings, is naturally in much favour for picnics. (Frensham Little Pond—half the size of the Great Pond—lies nearly a mile to the north-east.)

Half a mile or so farther on we reach *Frensham Village*, where we must turn to the left to visit the Church, famous throughout this corner of Surrey for the copper caldron preserved in its vestry. Here we

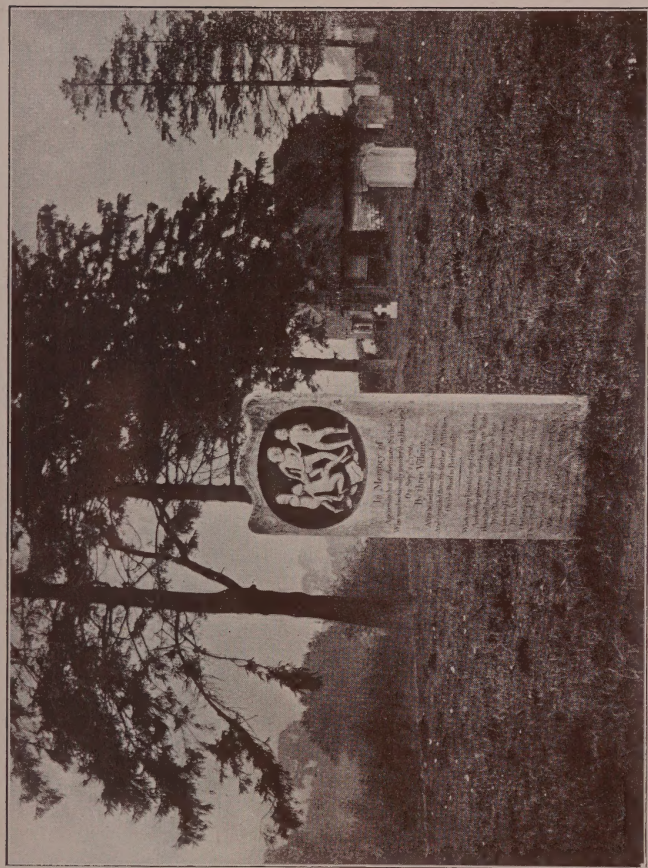
A Famous Caldron. have a visible link with the superstitions and traditions which at one time flourished so vigorously in this wild, and (until recent years) remote district. Aubrey, writing 200 years ago, gravely records the conviction then current that the caldron was brought from the Borough Hill 'by fairies time out of mind,' though he goes on to express his own belief that this great kettle was an 'ancient utensil belonging to the Church house for the

use of love feasts or revels.' Several other stories have, however, found credence in this connection. One relates how it was originally the property of the witch known as Mother Ludlam (whose cave we may presently visit), and was borrowed from her by the Devil with the promise to return it before sunset. But this promise was broken, and, when later on the Devil called at the cave with the kettle, Mother Ludlam refused to have it. To get rid of it the borrower discreetly buried it in a neighbouring hill—now known as Kettlebury Hill—whence it was subsequently disinterred and brought to Frensham Church.

Probably, after all, there is more truth in the prosaic explanation at which Aubrey hinted. The kettle which stands upon an iron trivet with three expanding legs, and is nearly three feet in diameter in the upper part, is no doubt one of the large vessels with which many country parishes were supplied for use on public occasions.

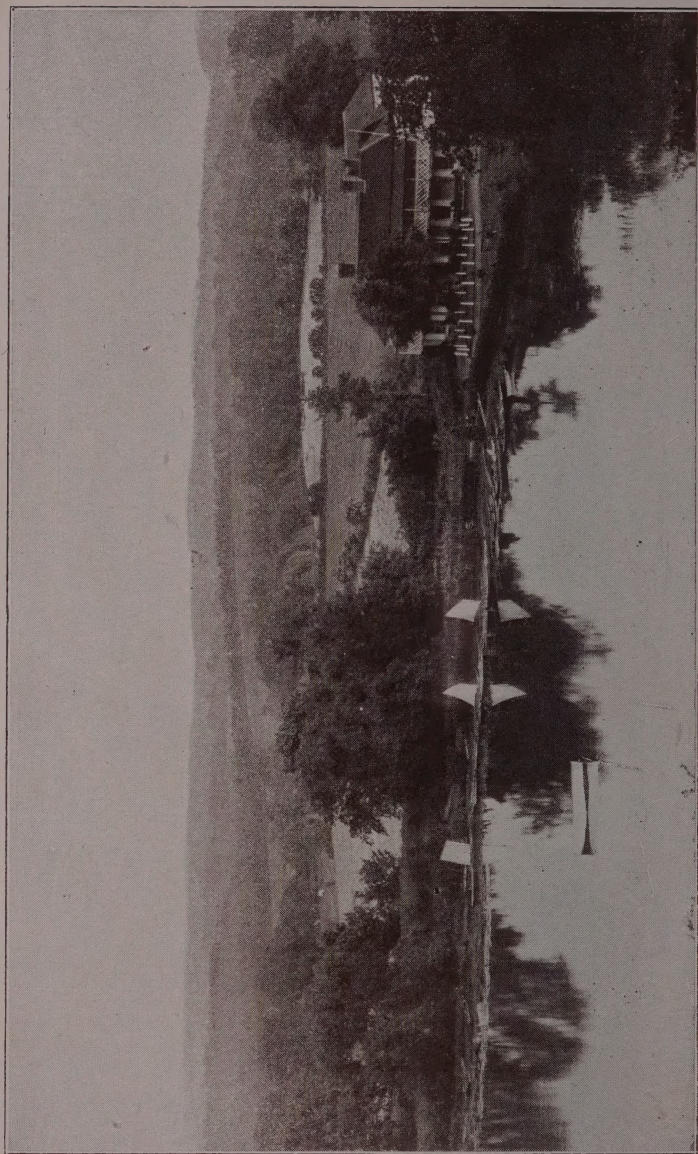
Returning to Frensham Village and the road to Farnham, we very quickly come to *Millbridge*, where just above the Wey stands *Pierrepoint*, the handsome residence erected from Mr. Norman Shaw's designs for the late Mr. R. H. Combe. Here again a choice of routes is open. By bearing to the right we can make direct for Tilford and Waverley Abbey. But, as Farnham itself is our goal, we shall do best to keep straight on, crossing the open expanse of Farnham Common with its scattered cottages and groups of firs, and on through the sandy district known as The Bourne, which takes its name from the tiny brook in the valley. Presently, a sharp ascent brings us to the hill top on which the Farnham Waterworks are situated. Hence we have a pleasant view of the old red-roofed town of which Bishop Thorold became so enthusiastically fond during his residence at the Castle, and the latter still seems, as we now see it on the opposite hills, to dominate its surroundings in true feudal style.

Millbridge and The Bourne.



THE SAILOR'S GRAVE, THURSLEY CHURCHYARD.

Photo by West, Godalming.



GREAT POND, FRENTHAM.

Photo by West, Godalming.

Of *Farnham* itself, or its Castle, the town's history, or its associations with Cobbett or Toplady, this is not the place to write at any length. In recent years, *Farnham* has perhaps been overshadowed by the rapid growth of its military neighbour, Aldershot. But it still retains in its wide main street, and the equally wide thoroughfare which leads to the Castle on the northern hills, a pleasant old-time aspect, whilst the richness of the meadows in the valley watered by the Wey, and the hop gardens, which until quite lately closely environed the town itself, combine to give it a particularly pleasant and picturesque setting.

(a) Via Moor Park, Waverley & Tilford, to Hindhead.

On the return journey, we ought, if possible, to include a visit to *Moor Park*. The best route, if circumstances permit this detour, is to follow the Guildford Road for a mile or more until we reach the lodge gate near which stands a sign-post 'To Moor Park.' This opens on to the main drive—over which a boldly upheld public right-of-way exists. Proceeding along this drive we pass close to the mansion and presently enter a lovely avenue of oaks and silver birches which ultimately conducts us to the gate opening on to the Waverley Road. On our left, before we reach the gate, is the natural cavern whence flows the spring known as 'Ludwell' spring, because 'Lud,' King of the South Saxons, returned hither to cool and dress his wounds after the heat of a fight. Later on, the cavern, long known as *Mother Ludlam's Cave*, was the reputed home of the white witch to whose dealings we have already referred in connection with the Frensham Caldron. The entrance to the cave is now railed in.

The modest red-tiled dwelling known as *Stella's Cottage* attracts attention, directly we turn into the road from the park, and at once reminds us of the associations which linger round Moor Park. Hither

Swift and Stella. Sir William Temple retired when he withdrew from

public life, and here he spent his remaining years. When he died in 1699, his heart was buried, according to his own request, under the silver dial near the east end of the house. Here, too, came Jonathan Swift; and we all know how Macaulay tells the story of his coming :

‘An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as amanuensis, for board and twenty pounds a year; dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependent concealed a genius equally suited to politics and letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in his servants’ hall, which he, perhaps, scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love, which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch or of Abelard. Sir William’s secretary was Jonathan Swift. Lady Giffard’s waiting maid was poor Stella.’

It was whilst at Moor Park that Swift wrote his ‘Battle of Books,’ and, it is believed, his ‘Tale of a Tub.’

If we have not had time to include this rambling detour through Moor Park, we must not omit to visit *Waverley Abbey*, which can be reached direct from Farnham by the left-hand road immediately above the level crossing at the railway station. The entrance to the grounds is at the second lodge gate just before the Moor Park gate is reached. The ruins are always open on week-days (but *not* on Sundays), on payment of a charge of threepence, and are approached by the footpath to the left across the meadows. Despite recent excavations of great value, the remains of the magnificent pile of buildings which once occupied this lovely site are somewhat meagre. But the foundations of the great church can be traced, and some portions of the refectory and the dormitory are still standing. The site, however, is full of interest, as well as of

beauty, for Waverley was the first house of the White Monks or Cistercians in England; and there can be no doubt that it was from studying the pages of the *Annales Waverlienses* that Sir Walter Scott was led to choose the title which has since become a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

From Waverley we follow the Elstead road for a short distance with the pineclad Crooksbury Hill on our left, until a lane on the right branches off to *Tilford*, famous for its two picturesque bridges across the Wey, and for its magnificent old tree known as the King's Oak, now plainly showing signs of its advancing years. Soon, however, we pass from the quiet beauty of *Tilford** to the wilder charm of the open moorland of *Thursley Common* and *Thursley Marsh* across which our road leads us. This may, indeed be termed the wildest corner

Thursley in Olden Days.

of the moor, and readers of Mr. Baring - Gould's 'Broom - squire' will doubtless recall the legends which he attaches to the famous Thor's Stone, near Pudmere Pool in the centre of the marsh. But the stone is difficult to find, and the marsh is in parts often distinctly boggy. Unless, therefore, the visitor is very keenly bent on testing the accuracy of the novelist's description of it and its surroundings, he will not waste time on what as likely as not would prove a fruitless search.

In other respects, the stretch of country which lies before us, with *Thursley* on our left and the *Hindhead* hills in front, has interesting and notable associations :

'As the "hammer" ponds remind us, mines and forges and smelting pits once marked it as a part of the Surrey iron-fields. When that industry died out the sole link with the outside world was the main road to Portsmouth, which climbed to the top of the *Hindhead* ridge at a higher level than the present. The moorland—marsh in part, and in parts impassable—which stretched northwards from this main road towards *Frensham* was a veritable "no man's land." From time immemorial,

* *Tilford* figures as *Milford* in *Edna Lyall's* 'We Two.'

squatters settled in the Punchbowl—as Mr. Baring-Gould has told us—built themselves hovels, and pastured their sheep, goats and cattle. They cut their broom handles from the Spanish chestnuts which thrive in the coppices on the lower hills, and in the heather which abounded on every hand they found the materials for the brush of their brooms. They prowled over the marshes for ducks, and they watched the sand-burrows for rabbits. Now and again a good haul of fish would be netted in the Frensham ponds. And at Christmastide they wandered far and wide selling the holly they had cut wherever they could find it—of course, without troubling to ask permission.

‘Nor was the tempting art of smuggling neglected. The nearness of the district to one of the main arteries of traffic from the South Coast, its wildness, and its inaccessibility to all who were strangers to it, rendered it specially suitable for the reception and concealment of contraband tea, spirits, and tobacco. The cave to which Mr. Baring-Gould makes Mehetable fly in order to save her child from Bideabout was probably originally scooped out of the sand-stone for this purpose. At least one farm can be named (I believe) beneath which are carefully constructed vaults with an artfully disguised entrance. And Lord Middleton has pointed out that many of the wells in the neighbourhood were built bell-shaped with the same object. In later days, still, the hut-men became the terror of the neighbourhood by their raids on sheepfolds, hen-roosts, and preserves. When at last their chief leader, Chuter, ended his days in the county Gaol, he was serving his seventeenth term of imprisonment.’ *

Thursley Village and Church, if we have not already visited them from the Portsmouth Road (see page 41), can be reached by turning to our left as we emerge from the Common. But, for ‘The Huts’ and the cross roads, our best route is to keep straight on with Kettlebury Hill on our right for a mile and a half, and then bear sharp to the left for the eastern end of *Churt*.

Here we skirt the *Devil’s Jumps*, the three curious sandhills in close proximity, which have been so conspicuously in our view whilst

The Devil’s Jumps. crossing the Common. How and why or when they first received the name they now enjoy it is impossible to say. But Cobbett, we ought not to forget, was ingenious enough

* ‘Some West Surrey Villages.’

and naive enough to find in them material for a curious theological argument :

‘ At Churt, I had upon my left three hills out upon the common called the Devil’s Jumps. The Unitarians will not believe in the Trinity, because they cannot account for it. Will they come here to Churt, go and look at these “ Devil’s Jumps ” and account to me for the placing of those three hills, in the shape of three rather squat sugar-loaves, along in a line upon this heath, or the placing of a rockstone upon the top of one of them as big as a church tower? For my part, I cannot account for the placing of these hills. That they should have been formed by mere chance is hardly to be believed. How could waters rolling about have formed such hills? How could such hills have bubbled up from beneath? ’ *

The fragment of Churt we traverse here is every whit as attractive as the western end of the hamlet which we crossed on our outward journey, and as we wander among its leafy lanes we shall easily understand the favour it has won among visitors, to whom the quiet beauty of a secluded village on the fringe of these wild moors and hills strongly appeals.

Leaving the Pride of the Valley Inn on our right we take the Headley Road for a short distance, and then bear to the left at the first fork. For the long, steady ascent which lies before us to reach the top of Beacon Hill and ‘ The Huts,’ we are well repaid by the beauty and variety of the prospect we can command at every point.

* ‘ Rural Rides.’



IX.—NOTES ON HASLEMERE FLORA.

BY MRS. T. P. NEWMAN.

IS Haslemere a flowery place? This question is often asked, but not so easily answered. When its hills are purple with the three kinds of heather, their garment is all flowers. In spring there are golden masses of gorse and broom, while primroses, bluebells and anemones abound in certain copses. The hay is white with oxeye daises; the corn-marigold makes the autumn fields bright, but unproductive. Honeysuckle waves from every bush on the common during summer; and in winter the holly and bracken are cheerful and full of variety. There is always something to pick and bring in, if only leaf, moss or toadstool; there are ferns in the woods and scarce treasures in the bogs.

The pure air makes gardens flourish, inviting especially to the growing of Alpine plants. But, if Haslemere is compared with Devonshire or the Isle of Wight, we shall be disappointed. It may have some flowers that they have not, but it cannot claim their luxuriance. Haslemere has cold winters and a dry soil. It must be taken on its merits.

Anyone wishing really to study its flowers should procure 'The Flora of South-west Surrey,' by S. T. Dunn, B.A., a 'portable field guide for the amateur botanist.' This little book has a geological chapter explaining some plant puzzles, and indicates sufficiently the localities for each plant. The continuous flower show at the Educational Museum will also be found helpful. There is a curious partiality about many of the flowers, which persist in certain spots with fair abundance, and yet never spread any farther. The finding of these favourite places is a pleasure as great as that of gathering nosegays, - to the true flower-lover; but his love of flowers must be true enough to keep him from all digging and despoiling. The dread of losing any of these friendly flower-faces, which are a yearly joy, makes one hesitate to mention them. Some are safe, because so insignificant; some are very closely hidden.

There is surely no need of appealing here to all who enjoy the country and its many interests, not to leave these poorer than they found them. We admire, we enjoy; shall we not also reverence?

The floral calendar of Haslemere opens with snowdrops. Far finer and looser than any garden ones are

In Early Spring. the snowdrops from two woods (private property) on different sides of the town. It is not easy to say how

they got there; they have a way of spreading along the hedges in cottage gardens and orchards, and becoming naturalized. Daffodils do the same, and grow wild in a few meadows; cowslips are very scarce. Yet quantities of both may be found beyond Anstead Brook, a few miles' walk away. White violets are found on certain banks year after year; purple sweet ones still more rarely. White columbines flourish in one copse, some distance from any house. One plant of *Clematis vitalba*, so common about Reigate and Petersfield, has been known in a field hedge for 20 or 30 years, probably brought some time in a load of chalk.

Henbane and *Datura* occur now and then as garden weeds; *Adonis autumnalis* has been found in the same way. *Claytonia perfoliata*, a little white American, has made itself at home in one or two places, and is a puzzle when first found. Periwinkles are established in some copses, as if wild.

The tiny green *Adoxa*, minute crown imperial of the honeysuckle order, is a welcome sign of spring in all the copses, worth hunting for. The golden saxifrage or *Chrysosplene* grows in wet woods. The white meadow saxifrage (*S. granulata*) has been found, though only rarely. The sweet flag (*Acorus calamus*) grows by one pond, and near it the plantain shoreweed, or *Litorella*. The same excursion should produce the hound's-tongue, a reddish flower belonging to the Boraginaceæ tribe, that is not common.

The early purple orchis and the spotted are abundant; the twayblade not infrequent. There is one field where the lady's tresses orchis may be found, with its

curl of tiny flowers round the green stem; and near it earlier there is a possibility of the lesser butterfly orchis or of that quaint rare fern, the moonwort.

Orchids and Ferns. The bird's nest (*Neottia nidus-avis*) had been gathered in the same copse as the columbines. But for orchids it is best to make an excursion down the line and explore from Petersfield, where an altogether different flora will be found. Most typical of Haslemere are its bog-flowers; the red-gold spike of the bog-asphodel, the two sundews (round leaved and long leaved), the delicate pink bog pimpernel, and the lovely ivy-leaved campanula of faintest blue. Leaves of bog bean may be found in several places, but its fluffy white flower is not plentiful. The great yellow loosestrife is in wet woods; the marsh violet, distinct from all other violets, is thick beside at least one quiet stream. The wall cotyledon, or pennywort, is another uncommon plant that occurs here; and on the heather the tiny white flower-bunches and red threads of that curious parasite, the dodder, are very noticeable.

Trails of black bryony (*Tamus communis*) make the hedges gay in autumn; but the more beautiful real bryony (*Bryonia dioica*), whose berries shade from yellow to red, is only seen as we approach Churt.

When a copse is cleared, masses of pink foxgloves will often spring up, to gradually vanish away again until the next clearance. This is the case also with primroses; and from the lanes they have been mostly uprooted in the last twenty years.

Ferns have, of course, suffered in the same way. At one time Haslemere boasted fourteen kinds; many of these still remain, but *Osmunda*, that used to be the Punchbowl's glory, is now known only to the very few. *Trichomanes*, or English maidenhair, seems also to have become invisible. The great stag's horn club-moss is still found, but the fir club-moss, said to have grown on Weydown, is a memory merely. Haslemere is nearer to the great world than it used to be; and this is not in everything a gain.

X.—THE METEOROLOGY OF HASLEMERE.

By the late T. P. NEWMAN, F.R., MET. SOC.

HASLEMERE is situated to the south of Hindhead, an irregular range of hills, reaching an elevation of nearly 900 feet.

The prevailing wind is South-West, and the Southerly winds are those most likely to produce rain. It is not necessary here to give a meteorological treatise, but it may be said that one of the chief and immediate causes of rain is the rising of warm air into a stratum of cold, when condensation takes place and moisture is precipitated. When the S.W. winds strike the flank of our hills they are deflected upwards. Should the temperature on the hills be low, and the winds warm and moisture-laden from the neighbouring sea, rain will assuredly follow.

The average rainfall at Hazelhurst (one mile to the N.W. of Haslemere town, 550 feet above the sea) for the ten years 1900 to 1909 is 35·88 inches. The average for the months is :

MONTH.	MEAN RAINFALL.	MONTH.	MEAN RAINFALL.
January	3.15	July	1.96
February	2.84	August	3.37
March	3.09	September	2.06
April	2.46	October	4.90
May	2.39	November	2.79
June	3.04	December	3.85

At Haslemere, as in other hilly and mountainous counties within easy distance of the sea, the rain at times comes down with a will. Indeed, it is well that there is a good supply of rain, for the soil is so light and porous, that rain quickly dries up.

In this connection it may be remembered that dryness is in itself a protection against frost. Though leaves and shoots may be cut, the roots will generally survive without injury.

Falls of one inch of rain and upwards may be expected four or five times a year. Falls of over two inches do occur, but only rarely. The following is a list of the falls of more than one-and-a-half inches during twenty-four hours since June, 1888, when the Hazelhurst record began :

Aug. 20, 1891 ...	1.90 inches.	Sept. 4, 1903 ...	1.68 inches.
July 29, 1894 ...	2.00 ..	June 5, 1905 ...	1.75 ..
June 10, 1896 ...	1.63 ..	June 12, 1905 ...	1.57 ..
Sept. 1, 1896 ...	2.06 ..	Mar. 6, 1909 ...	1.56 ..
Sept. 29, 1898 ...	2.17 ..	Oct. 24, 1911 ...	2.07 ..
Nov. 23, 1898 ...	2.35 ..	Sept. 29, 1912 ...	2.45 ..
Sept. 7, 1899 ...	1.70 ..	Dec. 9, 1914 ...	2.10 ..
Nov. 3, 1899 ...	2.11 ..	Oct. 31, 1915 ...	2.21 ..
Feb. 15, 1900 ...	1.78 ..		

These heavy falls may occur in almost any month, and occupy a very short time only during the heaviest period ; many of those recorded above are marked 'most in one and a half hours,' 'most in two hours,' &c. This tropical rate is destructive to roads, and makes it necessary to provide large drainpipes with storm gratings.

The wettest year known is 1903, when the total was 49.46 inches ; 1915 comes next to it, with 46.64 inches. The driest year since 1872, according to the late Mr. Penfold, was 1884, with only 26.72 inches. Mr. Penfold's record commenced with 1873.

The wettest month of the year is October with an average of about five inches per month ; October is credited with 9.07 inches in 1903, and 8.58 in 1909 ; October, 1911, with 5.65, is the highest record since 1903. This, with the subsequent winter months, is the time for filling up wells and springs. The driest months are April and May, with less than two inches each.

The record of sunshine was begun by **Sunshine.** Mrs. Lyndon at Grayshott (on Hindhead, 660 feet above sea level, about three miles N.W. of Haslemere) in 1899. The average

of bright sunshine for the 15 years (1901-15) comes out as follows :—

MONTH.	HOURS.	SUNLESS DAYS.	MONTH.	HOURS.	SUNLESS DAYS.
January ...	62.2	12.4	July ...	215.2	1.6
February	79.5	8.0	August ...	193.9	1.3
March ...	113.4	6.0	September	165.9	2.9
April ...	179.7	2.7	October ...	102.7	6.0
May ...	207.8	2.0	November	76.7	9.6
June ...	210.2	1.9	December	47.4	14.0
Annual Average 1654.5 hours.					

Hindhead is one of the sunny places of the kingdom. This is markedly so during some winter months; on occasions one can bask in bright sunshine, and look down on fog, which remains enshrouding the lower lands and especially to the north for long periods.

The sunniest month recorded for the ten years (1900-09) was May, 1909, when the sun shone for 328.6 hours; the least sunny month was December, 1903, with only 35.7 hours of sunshine and nineteen days absolutely sunless. During nineteen consecutive days there were only five-and-a-half hours of sunshine. The yearly average for that same period was 1703.7 hours, which, it will be observed, is higher than the average of the past 15 years. In fact the past five years has been marked by more rain and less sunshine, but this has probably been general throughout the country. In 1906 there were four consecutive months, June-September, with no sunless day. In July, 1913, there were only 116.4 hours of bright sunshine. The sunshine record of May, 1909, of 328.6 hours has been beaten by July, 1911, when the sun shone for 360 hours, whilst the least sunny month of December, 1903, with only 35.7 hours of sunshine, had more than an equal in December, 1912, when there were only 35 hours of sunshine during the whole month.

Misty foggy weather generally occurs when the wind is between N. and E. One reason for this is that N.E. wind accompanies the conditions which conduce to fog.

But the chief cause is that the wind brings unwelcome London smoke—in an attenuated condition no doubt, yet with particles of dust sufficient to arrest globules of moisture in the atmosphere.

Notwithstanding plentiful sunshine and a
Frosts. position to the south of considerable hills, forty miles to the south of London, vegetation is by no means early at Haslemere. The considerable altitude above sea level is one cause of this; another may be found in the great number of cold nights, especially in the spring. Late frosts are a source of much injury to the fruit crops, gardens and orchards in sheltered positions in the valleys suffering more than those on the hills. The upper south-eastern slope of Grayswood Hill is particularly favoured; in one noted garden there, many rare and tender shrubs, including camellias, thrive luxuriantly.

While frost continues late and occurs frequently, Haslemere is not an unusually cold place; its comparative proximity to the sea is protection. The winter minimum in the standard Stevenson screen does not often fall below 20 degrees, although a thermometer placed on the grass and fully exposed to the sky may fall ten degrees lower. However, the Hindhead district is generally free from great extremes of temperature.



XI.—THE EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED.)

HASLEMERE possesses a well-equipped educational museum. For this boon it is indebted to the generosity of the late Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, the famous surgeon. It is situated a short distance up the hill on the right-hand side of East Street as approached from the High Street end. A notice board gives information as to forthcoming lectures, nature notes for the month, etc. It is open on all week-days from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. from April 1st to August 31st; and from 10 to 4 during the other months; on all Sundays from 2 to 4. Admission one penny, free on Sundays. There is an illustrated guide book, price 6d. The curator, Mr. E. W. Swanton, will explain in fuller detail if wished, or give information respecting the natural history of the district.

The Museum is comprised under six headings: Local Collections, Vivarium, Geological Gallery, Zoological and Botanical Gallery, Historical Gallery, and Library.

There are exhibited in the entrance room a representative collection of Birds, Eggs and Nests, a classified herbarium of flowering plants, maps, diagrams and specimens to illustrate local
Local Collections. Geology; flint implements, Romano-British pottery, illustrations and photographs of old Haslemere, and other objects of local interest.

The Vivarium is fitted up for the reception of common objects of the country in the living state. Throughout the spring and summer, wild flowers
Vivarium. are always on view, each with a label; sometimes a short description of the plant is appended. Breeding cages contain caterpillars and pupæ, and there are glass cases with various reptiles and batrachians.

In the late autumn fungi takes the place of flowers, and examples of those interesting and instructive growths known as galls—of which the 'oak-apple' is familiar to every schoolboy—are usually on view. It is possible in the small space allotted to us only briefly to indicate the contents of the vivarium; moreover, from their very nature these are continually being changed.

The elements of geology are very clearly explained by the space-for-time method, a series of rock-sections and fossils being stratigraphically arranged in a large gallery. The wall space is divided into 27 equal divisions, each representing an approximate period of one million years, and containing appropriate specimens, labels and descriptive notes. The more valuable exhibits are placed within glass-topped cases.

The series of modern objects introduced here may appear strangely incongruous, but are of great value in demonstrating the order of life as it gradually evolved from the lowly organisms of Cambrian times up to the present day. The fern placed with the granites, gneiss, and other primary rocks, indicates the existence of plant life at this very early period. This is inferred from the presence of graphite (almost pure carbon) in rocks of this age. The abundance of sponges in the succeeding epoch is denoted by a large modern sponge placed in the lowest division of the Cambrian.

A stuffed sturgeon in the division marked 'Upper Silurian' points to the advent of fishes, the earliest fossil vertebrate remains being those of a fish.

More ferns mark the period of luxuriant vegetation in the Carboniferous, during which epoch our coalfields were laid down.

The advent of mammals is indicated by a case containing some small Australian Marsupials. The earliest mammalian remains show some affinity with Marsupials. According to present knowledge mam-

mals preceded birds; the advent of the latter (in Jurassic times) is shown by a case of thrushes. A glass case in the first million-space contains skulls of man and ape.

In reference to his 'space-for-time' method of illustrating geology, Sir Jonathan Hutchinson remarks (in a paper upon the Museum, which appeared in the Government Educational Reports, year 1898):

'The calculation of the periods of geological time, which is exhibited in this large diagram, has been made by reference to the thickness of the strata. In explaining it, I never lose the opportunity for avowing that the present state of knowledge does not justify us in assigning definite periods of time to the changes in the formation of the earth's crust, and that what has been here attempted must be accepted as an approximation only. With full allowance on this score, I believe it is not open to any serious objection, although I am well aware it may be liable to much criticism. I feel sure that it has served better than any other method could to impress upon many successions of visitors the lessons of the immense duration of geological time, of the order and relative length of different periods, and of the succession of animal and vegetable life on the earth's surface. Many a time have I observed the astonishment with which the revelation of the extremely short duration of human history on the earth in comparison with that of preceding ages of life as conveyed by this diagram has been received by my auditors. Yet this is surely one of the most instructive of all possible realisations.'

A lofty and commodious room (see illustration) contains the zoological and botanical collections. One of the two tables which occupy the

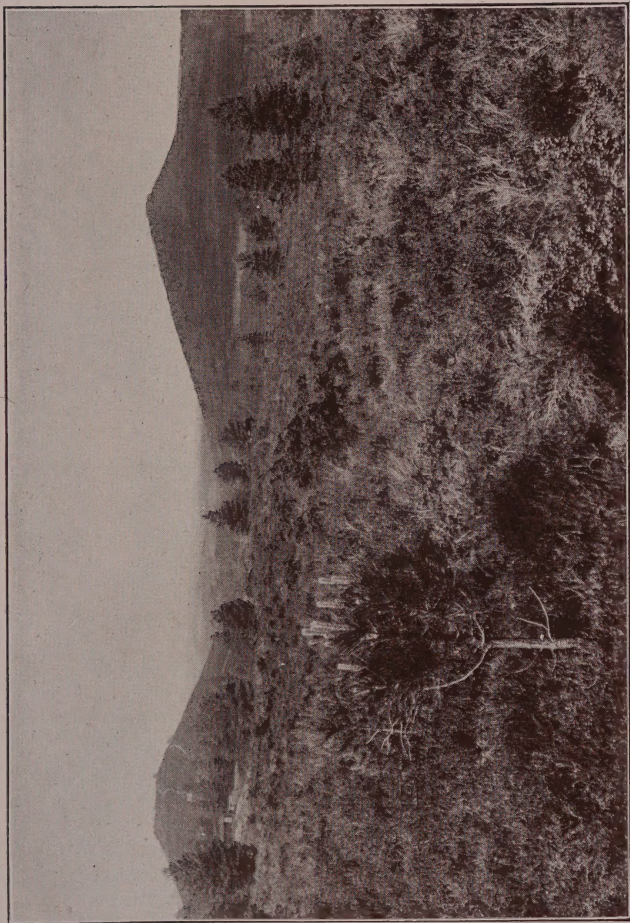
Natural History. centre of the room is devoted to a display illustrative of the zoological development of Invertebrates upwards from the Protozoa. Wherever it has been found impossible to show specimens, reliable illustrations take their place. Prominent amongst these exhibits are the beautiful glass sponges and the glass-rope sponge of Japan with its peculiar byssus, which serves as a means of attachment; the vividly-coloured gorgonias or sea fans, whose branches, stems and roots tempt one into believing them to be plants, though in reality they are the pro-

duction of a polyp colony, akin to the corals; and the peculiar mushroom-like corals, so closely resembling fungi as to be popularly called 'fossil mushrooms.' Some of these resemble agarics, others are like puff-balls.

In connection with this group of exhibits we may call attention to the large Neptune's-cup sponge, which stands on a cabinet at the farther end of the room, and the gigantic crab which surmounts the door leading into the history room. The latter is from the China Sea, and is one of the largest of all crabs. The following is a translation of the Chinese label attached to it :

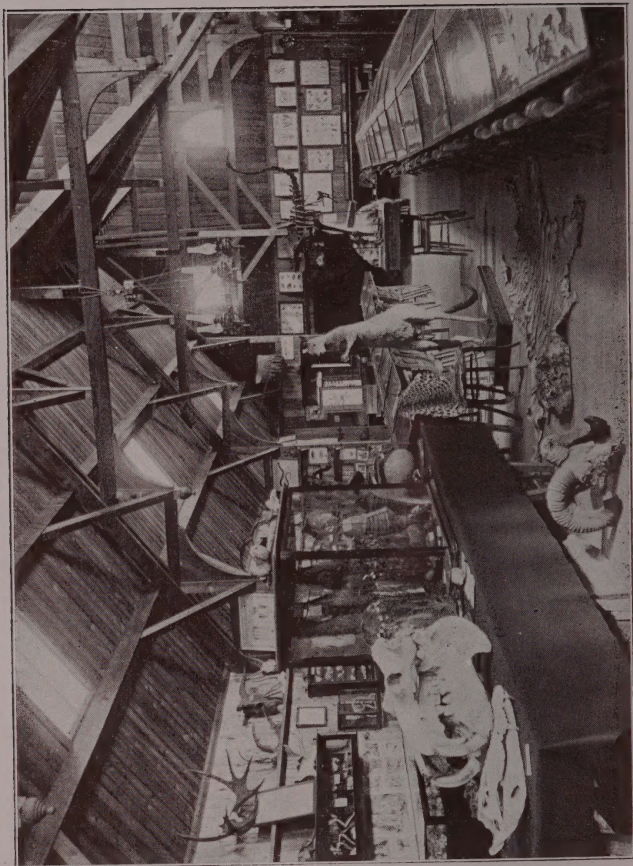
'The crab is called the Heike-Gani—Heike crab. They live in the open sea. In early years in Japan the Heike and the Ganyi clans were continually fighting against each other. At last, on the 24th of March, 1185, after ten years' war, a decisive battle took place at Dannoura, near to Shimonoseki, in which the Heike clan was totally defeated, great numbers of the warriors being driven into the sea and drowned. Soon after this event enormous crabs appeared in the neighbourhood where the clansmen lost their lives. These monsters frightened the fishermen very much, as the shell of the body resembled the human face, and they imagined the crabs were the spirits of the departed warriors. Since that period the crabs have retained the name of the clan, and are known as Heike-Gani.'

The two large skulls standing in the right-hand corner of the entrance door deserve special attention. The smaller is that of the young African elephant. The larger is of great interest. It is that of a single-tusked Cingalese elephant. A portion of the right alveolus has been sawn away to show that the tusk on that side was totally suppressed. A bullet may be seen imbedded in the bone of the left ear cavity. In connection with this remarkable case of suppression, it may be observed that the Narwhal—a toothed whale—usually exhibits this curious phenomenon, but the tusk is always entirely imbedded within the bone cavity. A Narwhal's tusk, with illustrations of the animal, and notes upon its zoological affinities, is exhibited near the above skull. The skeleton of the Moa (an extinct New Zealand bird), though of a small species, is a valuable one. The absence of a keel to the breast-bone — a



THE DEVIL'S JUMPS, FRENTHAM.

Photo by West, Godalming.



EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM, HASLEMERE.

peculiarity common to all birds of the ostrich tribe—should be specially noted.

The botanical section contains a valuable series of Sowerby's 'Illustrations of English Botany' (1st edition) mounted in revolving frames. There are also plates of common Fungi, and specimens illustrating the destructive effects of certain fungi upon trees and plants. Some cases contain fruits and seeds, arranged to illustrate the manner of dispersal.

The history room adjoins the natural history department, with which it is connected by two doors. The entire wall-space on one side is devoted to a **Human History.** space-for-time diagram of human history from the 20th century B.C. (XIV. Dynasty, Egypt) to the present time.

The wall-space is divided into forty equal divisions, each representing a century. Maps, portraits and engravings are fastened up in each division, in the centre of which is printed in bold type the name of a leading character of the century.

The notes in the frame, given under each century, are from a work by Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, entitled: 'The Centuries,' copies of which are shown. Other works on chronology and history find a place on the shelf provided for them, together with busts, coins and other appropriate objects.

Numerous maps and illustrations are placed with the exhibits. Skulls of man and anthropoid apes serve to illustrate the progressive development of mankind. There are some very interesting relics of Roman Britain and a fine series of flint implements.

In applying the term 'educational' to museums, Sir Jonathan Hutchinson wrote:

'The Haslemere Institution has, I think, some distinctive features, and is better adapted to serve as an adjunct and help to school training than any of its predecessors. Chief amongst these features is its wide scope. **General Statements.** Human history and modern geography are illustrated side by side with the geological record of the earth's formation, and the botanical and zoological developments of life. A second special feature

is the use of the wall space for the contruction of large permanent diagrams or schedules, which afford the best opportunity for the orderly and instructive arrangements, not only of geological specimens, but of portraits, coins, and documents relating to the history of man.

'A third special feature is that books, maps, drawings and specimens are brought, whenever it has seemed desirable, into close juxta-position, and that visitors are encouraged to sit down, read, and take notes. The labels provided are in many instances much more detailed than are usually found in museums. The idea in this is that museums can only find their proper place in the educational scheme when they are regarded as places for study, and not merely for a casual visit.

'As helping in this direction, many inexpensive specimens, and those not susceptible of injury have been left exposed on the tables, and instead of the usual "Do not touch," visitors are encouraged to handle them and make detailed inspection.'

No attempt is made to stereotype the collection, the specimens, with labels and maps, being frequently changed.

A geological model of the south-east of England and part of France, including the Weald and the Bas Boulonnais, also a large ordnance map of the district, will be appreciated by tourists.

Sunday afternoon demonstrations are held during the summer, and children's classes three times a week. Since the death of its founder the Museum has been maintained entirely by public subscriptions.



XII.—SUMMARY OF EXCURSIONS.

RAMBLES ROUND HASLEMERE.

THE following brief hints will serve to indicate two or three of the many pleasant short rambles which may be made in the immediate neighbourhood of Haslemere.

Ascend Haste Hill to Blackdown, thence *via* Highfield and down Scotland Lane, returning by Shepherd's Hill, or the walk may be extended by Stuart Farm and across the fields to Longdene, returning by the Station.

From High Street along Church Lane to Weydown, returning by way of Bunch Lane, Clay Hill and the Railway Station.

From High Street along Three Gates Lane past the Rectory on to North End and thence to Headfield, the Highlands, and the Manor House, returning either *via* Holdfast and into East Street or by Clammer Hill and Grayswood.

Other pleasant strolls may be obtained by Museum Hill and College Hill, the Chase and Tennyson's Lane, or beyond Shottermill towards Linchmere.

We give below a brief synopsis of some of the numerous excursions, easily practicable, from Haslemere or Hindhead. Some supplementary routes not specifically referred to in the text are also included, and it can hardly be necessary to point out that many enjoyable 'round trips' are possible by combining two or more of the various routes indicated below.

The distances given are approximate. Where Haslemere is the starting point they are calculated from the Town Hall; in the case of Hindhead from 'The Huts.'

Most of the longer excursions offer good cycling trips; but some of the cross-country routes are distinctly hilly, though the surface of the roads is for the most part excellent.

Two or three routes which are open only to the pedestrian are specially referred to as such.

A.—FROM HASLEMERE.

I.—To Hindhead :

- (1). Via Shottermill and Critchmere, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, p. 38.
- (2). Via Weydown to Gibbet Hill, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, p. 40.
- (3). Via Farnham Lane, 3 miles, p. 40.
- (4). Via Lion Green, $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles, p. 40.
- (5). Via Witley. For route to Witley, 6 miles, pp. 60-63; and from Witley to Gibbet Hill, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, p. 41.

II.—To Grayshott :

- (1). Via Hindhead as above, Grayshott Village being about 1 mile from 'The Huts,' pp. 48-49.
- (2). *Pedestrians* should take the route indicated on p. 38, which reduces the distance to less than 4 miles.

III.—To Waggoner's Wells :

- (1). Via Hindhead and Grayshott as above. See also pp. 51-52.
- (2). *Pedestrians* can take Route II. (2), and, if bound direct for the Wells, should take the left-hand road at the fork roads a short distance after passing Glen Lea, 4 miles.
- (3). Via Shottermill and Critchmere, p. 38. Take the first lane to the left after passing the Critchmere ponds, keep straight on until the Portsmouth Road is reached just by the Seven Thorns Inn. Then take the path opposite and continue down the valley to the left until 'The Wells' are reached, about 5 miles.
- (4). Via Liphook and Bramshott, p. 62.

IV.—To Blackdown and Aldworth :

Via East Street and Tennyson's Lane, 3 miles,
p. 54.

V.—To Liphook :

Via Shottermill and Linchmere, 5 miles, pp. 60-61.

The return may be made by the Portsmouth Road and Hindhead, 8 miles, pp. 62-63. Waggoner's Wells, as noted in III. (3), may also be included in the round.

VI.—To Midhurst :

(1). Via Shepherd's Hill and Fernhurst, 8 miles,
p. 64.

(2). Via Shottermill and Fernhurst, 8 miles, p. 64.

(3). Via Shottermill and Linchmere. To Linchmere as described on p. 61, and thence continue due south from Shulebrede Priory and Farm until the Fernhurst Road is met on the left. A circuitous route of 11 or 12 miles.

VII.—To Chiddingfold :

(1). Via Three Gates Lane and Grayswood, 6 miles, p. 65.

(2). Via Anstead Brook, 5 miles. Proceed along East Street, and past Lythe Hill until the road forks at Anstead Brook; if the left-hand fork be taken, turn to the right by the letter-box at Killinghurst, and to the left $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles further on when the main road to Chichester is reached.

By combining routes (1) and (2), a very interesting round trip can be made.

From Chiddingfold, the cyclist who wishes to penetrate farther into the '*Fold*' country can easily extend his trip to Dunsfold and Alfold.

VIII.—To Farnham :

Via Hindhead (1) Churt, Frensham, and The Bourne, 12 miles, pp. 70-72.

Or (2). The Devil's Jumps, Tilford, Waverley Abbey and Moor Park, 16 miles, pp. 73-77.

(3). Via Godalming Road, past Brook Street, then bearing to the left via Bowlhead Green to the Portsmouth Road, thence to the right to Thursley Village, p. 41; thence via the Devil's Jumps and Tilford as in (2); or proceed from the Pride of the Valley Inn to Frensham, etc., as in (1); 18 to 20 miles according to route taken.

B.—FROM HINDHEAD.**IX.—To Liphook :**

(1). Via Portsmouth Road, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, p. 62.

(2). Via Grayshott and Waggoner's Wells, and Bramshott, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, p. 62.

(3). Via Shottermill and Linchmere. To Shottermill as in I., and thence as in V., 7 miles

X.—To Thursley and Frensham :

As in VIII. (1) and (2) distances if reckoned from 'The Huts' being $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles less than those given from Haslemere.

Or, for *Thursley* direct from Hindhead, descend the Godalming and London Road, until a lane is reached on the left less than a mile from Gibbet Hill, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

XI.—To Haslemere, Blackdown and Aldworth :

See routes I. and IV.

XII.—To Godalming :

Via Portsmouth Road, 9 miles, p. 41.

XIII.—To Witley.

(1). Via Bowlhead Green and Brook Street. A cross-country hilly route, which can best be traced on the map. Bear to the right before reaching the 'Red Lion' on the Godalming Road, and when, after passing Bowlhead Green, the Haslemere Road is reached, turn to the right, and half a mile farther on at Brook Street, turn to the left. About $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

(2). *For Pedestrians*, via Gibbet Hill and Sandhills, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, pp. 43-45.

XIV.—To Farnham :

See route VIII., 1 and 2; about 9 miles.

XV.—To Selborne :

Via Liss, 13 miles.



MEMS. FOR VISITORS.

RAILWAY SERVICE.—From Waterloo, 43 miles. Fares—Single, first class, 7s. 2d; second, 4s. 6d.; third, 3s. 7d. Return, 12s. 6d., 8s. and 6s. 8d. Cheap Tickets suspended during the War.

TABLE OF DISTANCES FROM HASLEMERE.—To Aldershot 16 miles, Alton 17, Billingshurst 15, Bognor 27, Chiddingfold 5, Chichester 20, Cranleigh 16, Dorking 20, Farnham 12, Frensham 9, Godalming 9, Gomshall 16, Guildford 13, Hambleton 7, Havant 26, Hindhead 3, Horsham 20, Horndean 20, Liphook 5, Liss 10, Loxwood 20, Midhurst 8, Milford 7, Petersfield 13, Petworth 10, Plaistow 8, Portsmouth 24, Pulborough 19, Reigate 26, Selborne 13, Winchester 30, Witley 6.

Church and Chapel Services.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.—Sunday, at 11 a.m., 3.30 and 6.30 p.m. Holy Communion at 7 a.m. and 11 a.m. every Sunday. Celebrations also on Thursday 7 a.m. and 11 a.m., and the first Sunday of the month at 7, 8 and midday. Matins and Litany at 12 noon, on Wednesday and Friday, and 8 a.m. other days. Rector, the Rev. G. H. Aitken, M.A.

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S.—Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. every Sunday. Baptisms on first Sunday of alternate months, at 3.30 p.m. Curate-in-charge, the Rev. C. Compton.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday School at 10.15 a.m. and 3 p.m. Christian Endeavour Society, 7.45 p.m. in the winter, and 8.15 in the summer. At the Mission Room in Camel's Dale, services are held on Sunday at 6.30 p.m. Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Pastor, the Rev. Reece Evans.

WESLEYAN CHURCHES, the Rev. A. J. Summerhill, Belalp, Haslemere, superintendent minister. Haslemere :

Sunday, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday School, 10 and 2.30. Thursday evenings, Divine worship and Wesley Guild alternately. Hindhead: Sundays, 11 and 6.30; Wednesdays, 7 p.m. Grayshott: Sunday, 11 and 6.30; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Tuesday, service, 7.30. Churt: Sunday, 2.30 and 6 p.m.

BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

HINDHEAD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. The Rev. W. K. Burford, of The Manse, Hindhead, is the Pastor. Mission Churches at Beacon Hill and Hammer.

BEACON HILL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Services on Sunday 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Pastor: Rev. Alexander Snape, Beacon Hill.

ST. LUKE'S, GRAYSHOTT.—Sunday: Holy Communion first Sunday in month, mid-day; third Sunday in month, 7 a.m.; other Sundays, 8 a.m. Holy Baptism, first Sunday in month, 3 p.m. Matins and Sermon, 11 a.m. Evensong and Sermon, 6.30 p.m. Friday: Morning Prayer and Litany, 11.30 a.m. Third Friday in month, Holy Communion after Litany 11.30 a.m. Holy Days: Holy Communion, 8 or 11 a.m. (according to notice). Week-night services in Advent and Lent. Vicar, the Rev. A. E. N. Simms.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, INVAL, WEYDOWN.—Service on Sunday, 11 a.m.

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EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM, East Street (see page 85).—Open on all week-days from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. from April to August,

and from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. from September to March. Sundays, 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Admission one penny (Sundays free). E. W. Swanton, curator.

HASLEMERE WEAVING INDUSTRY.—In a building at the end of King's Road is carried on the work of the Haslemere Weaving Industry (see page 35). Visitors are always welcome to visit the Weaving House.

BANKS, Haslemere.—**CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK**, Local Manager, Mr. Benjamin Pearson. Hours of attendance, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Branches at Grayshott, Hindhead and Liphook. **LONDON COUNTY AND WESTMINSTER BANK**, Local Manager, Mr. Hill. Hours of attendance, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Branch at Hindhead. A Branch of the **LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK** is being completed.

THE SCHOOL HALL in West Street has a theatrical license, and is available for public meetings, etc. Caretaker, Mr. Phillips.

THE CO-OPERATIVE HALL, Clay Hill, is utilised for meetings. Secretary, Mr. F. Waters.





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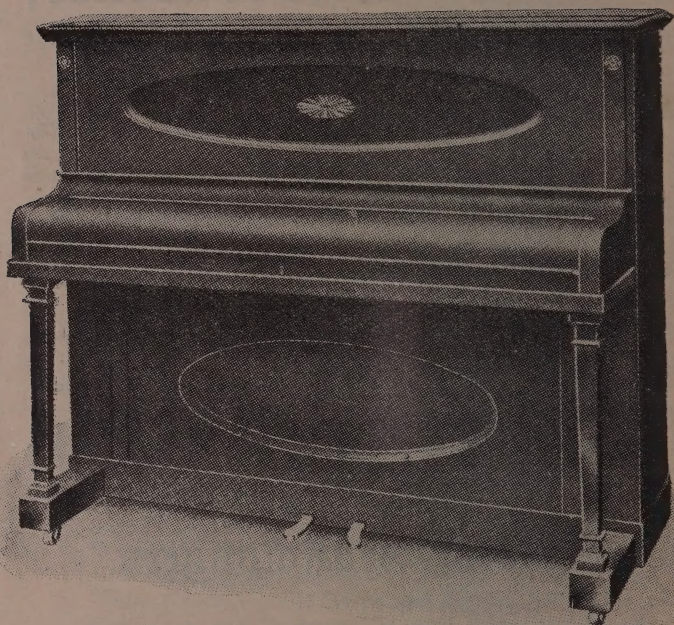
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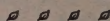
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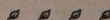
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